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The Colorado Quarterly

AUTUMN, 1952

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S. HARRISON THOMSON—The Moral Bases of Our Society

JOSEPH H. RUSH—Measuring Distance to the Stars

THEODORE GEIGER—The Role of the Intellectual
in Modern Society

Poems by John Ciardi, Myron H. Bromell

The Colorado Quarterly

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About the authors

EVERY author in this first number of THE COLORADO QUARTERLY, except one, has or has had some connection with the University of Colorado; the one exception, ALBERT N. WILLIAMS, is a Coloradan, now serving at the University of Denver.

It was planned this way—to select all contributors to Volume I, Number 1, from the staff of the University (after all, it is a University-sponsored magazine), or from graduates of the University, or from native Coloradans, or from persons now living in Colorado, or from visiting staff members at one time or another of the Writers Conference in the Rocky Mountains. No especial virtue in this; just an editor's idea. Hereafter, anybody, anywhere, should consider himself a potential author for THE COLORADO QUARTERLY. We mean this, sincerely.

ROBERT L. STEARNS and W. F. DYDE are President and Vice-President, respectively, of the University of Colorado.

FRED WARNER NEAL is Assistant Professor of Political Science. He was in Europe from 1946 through 1948 as Consultant to the State Department on Eastern European Affairs. In 1950 and 1951 he was Fulbright Scholar and Professor at the University of Paris.

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Greetings from a university

ROBERT L. STEARNS
W. F. DYDE

The University of Colorado takes pride in announcing the publication of *THE COLORADO QUARTERLY*.

The trend of research and publication in the postwar years has been in the direction of the physical and the exact sciences. Useful and commendable as this movement is, it should be balanced by creative effort in the humanities, the social sciences, and in all phases of the creative arts. The ability and drive in these latter areas are very evident, but the opportunities for publication and expression have been limited.

In an effort to provide encouragement in these fields, but at the same time providing opportunity for interpretive material on the sciences, the University has established this journal. The inauguration of the age of television, the passive absorption of images and ideas without the exercise of standards of value emphasize the importance of the University's undertaking the publication of a journal of ideas and informed opinion. There is truth in the statement of Samuel Hoffenstein:

Little by little we subtract
Faith and fallacy from fact—
The illusory from the true
And starve upon the residue.

ROBERT L. STEARNS, *President*
The University of Colorado

The publication of a quarterly magazine by the University has been under consideration from time to time for a number of years, but not until now has there been the fortunate combination of circumstances to make it possible. With this first issue the University presents *THE COLORADO QUARTERLY* to the members of the University and to the public with the hope that it will receive a cordial welcome, and that as time passes it will earn for itself the support of a growing circle of readers.

Members of the faculty and the editorial board of the *QUAR-*

TERLY have given serious thought to its purposes, and in their judgment it is not intended to be a literary magazine in the narrow sense of limitation solely to literary criticism and examples of poetry and fiction. It will have a much wider scope, as an inventory of the contents of this issue will confirm. A university has many things to say to its own members and to others. Through this magazine it will publish what can be said in an interesting way about those matters which are the concern of a university—literature and the arts, public affairs, the sciences, and the professions—and which are of interest to the general rather than the specialized reader.

The question may be asked, "Why another magazine?" There are many good reasons for the existence of a magazine at the University of Colorado. The University itself has come to be a community of no small size, comprising at least ten thousand persons, counting both students and staff. As a community we need more avenues of general communication among us. Otherwise we tend to fall apart into our special interests, knowing too little of ideas in other fields. We need also a more readily available means of expression for what we have to say than is furnished by the national magazines and the publications of other universities. We may need sometimes to be prodded by a firm but kindly editor into putting on paper ideas that would otherwise remain unrecorded, and we need to assume the responsibility of communication in fluent, literate writing rather than in the technical language of the specialized journal. We need, too, a means of writing for those beyond our campus so that the attention of our friends in the state and elsewhere will not be focused solely upon the more spectacular activities of the University, but will be directed also to ideas in which we have a common interest.

What has been said does not mean that contributors to the *QUARTERLY* will be drawn only from members of our own faculty. They will usually be in the majority, but the names of others who find the pages of a university magazine a congenial outlet will also be present.

With purposes such as these *THE COLORADO QUARTERLY* now appears in print.

W. F. DYDE, *Vice-President*

Will Europe fight?

FRED WARNER NEAL

One day last year, when Premier Plevin of France was in America pledging his country's fighting strength to our side, I was in France having trouble with the plumbing. In due course of time, the plumber, Jean Jauvin, arrived to fix it and, as is the manner of Frenchmen, to hold a conversation on the state of the world.

M. Jauvin is a conservative, a devout Roman Catholic, and in many ways a typical Frenchman.

"Ah, le communisme," he said, with a shudder. "It is a terrible thing. Next to war, the worst thing in the world."

"But," I asked him, "what about a war against Communism, a war to prevent Communism?"

M. Jauvin replied with a Gallic flip of his hands. "There will be no such war, Monsieur," he assured me. "There will be no such war because no one here will fight it. This is terrible also, n'est-ce pas?"

M. Jauvin's reply did not surprise me. His view, I know, is widely held among the French and other western Europeans—so widely that it poses the question of just how representative a view it is. How many Frenchmen, Italians, Lowlanders, and Germans will be in there shooting at Russians if it comes to a showdown?

These are tremendously important questions to American foreign policy. They are also questions which I believe we have too much ignored. Regardless of how wholeheartedly the present governments of western Europe may be on our side, large numbers of *people* will not be if war comes, unless morale is effectively improved. After more than a year and a half in Europe trying to find out how the European *people* feel, I am convinced of two things: (1) that they now feel pretty much as M. Jauvin, the French plumber, feels; and (2) that we in America are not sufficiently aware of this fact.

Now, I do not assume that war with the Soviet Union or any other country is an established inevitability. But, regardless of the validity of some of our past policies, today, in 1952, one must accept a major American premise: that unless we show to the U.S.S.R. the willingness and the ability to move firmly against aggression, there is a danger that aggression will come; that our strength and the strength of the allies we are wooing all over the world are now important to peace and a deterrent to aggression. In short, a major factor working *against* the inevitability of war with Russia is a willing and determined counterforce that the Russians will have to respect. That counterforce will not be sufficient if the morale of the people of Europe is not good. This is a paper, then, on the question of that morale. Why is the morale of Europe at the present moment bad? What can we do to improve it? What factors are likely to cause us to misjudge it?

I have, mainly, impressions to offer, not statistics. If I am wrong, so much the better. If I am right, then attention had better be paid. Because of space limitations, I shall have to confine myself to France, but the French situation is, I believe, representative of that of practically all of western Europe and is of the most importance to us.

I

Perhaps we might profitably take the last question first. What factors are likely to cause us to misjudge the morale situation in Europe?

First is the assumption that the sending of arms, guns, money will automatically improve morale. Now, clearly, improving the means to resist has important bearing on the will to resist. So does the firm commitment of American troops to the ground defense of western Europe. Since one factor in the dangerously low morale is the feeling of military helplessness, an increase in armed strength itself is a fillip to morale. If the Soviet Union can only be persuaded to hold off the aggression we assume it contemplates until this armed strength is built up, then the chances of effective resistance in the West will be better than they are now.

But is such rearmament enough? All the guns in the world will not help if the people who have them won't shoot them. And if they won't shoot them, then we must face the possibility that the very guns we ship to our allies might conceivably in the future be taken from them and turned against us.

The official attitude of the American government, where it recognizes this morale problem at all, tends to be that armament alone is enough. Simply send enough tanks and planes and guns and ammunition, and some American soldiers—plus stepping up the Voice of America a little—and everything will right itself.

Another factor that causes us to underestimate the unwillingness in Europe to fight is a simple and basic human failing, namely, the tendency to look on the surface. It is easy and human to find what we wish to find. We Americans seldom take the trouble to search out the basic discontent and desperation of the people of Europe. On the surface, things don't look so bad. The people that Americans meet are opposed to Communism. Passers-by on the streets of Paris and Rome are usually well dressed. Restaurants abound with delicious food, and the shops are filled with fine, if expensive, goods. And, thanks in large part to the Marshall Plan, trade seems to be booming.

But two good ways not to find out about morale are to look at the lovely shop windows and to sit in an office and study production statistics. An even better way not to find out about it is to talk only with prime ministers, their government colleagues, businessmen, and the kind of people Americans traveling in Europe usually meet. To get even an inkling of the situation it is necessary to spend a great deal of time talking with and listening to and observing the great masses of ordinary people. This can be done, but it takes time and patience and effort.

Americans who do take the time and make the effort invariably find a very large consensus opposed to participation in any war, even a war of defense. They also find, to their chagrin and amazement, that this opposition to war is so strong that an American liberation is as much feared as a Soviet occupation—by some, even more so. And, inevitably, they find on the part of the local residents a growing irritation with and opposition to the efforts of the United States to save them from the Soviet

Union. This is true even of many of those who appreciate and agree with our motives.

Perhaps the biggest surprise of all to such Americans is that these opinions come not only from Communists—probably the average traveling American will never meet a Communist—but from ordinary people on all economic and social levels. For while the large Communist parties of western Europe are serious and complicating factors in the low state of morale, they are symptoms, not the disease. If there were not a single Communist in western Europe, morale would still be bad.

Another element in our misjudgment of Europe is the conditions under which American officials abroad inevitably work and live. When I was in the Soviet Union, it was obvious that official Americans could not get to know the Russian people well because of Soviet restrictions. In the satellites, until the end of 1949, this could be done up to a point, but with infinite difficulty, and now it is possible nowhere in Iron Curtain Europe. But in France, with a friendly government, where language is far less of a barrier, where the mores, however strange, still stem from a cultural pattern not totally dissimilar to ours, I had expected our diplomats and other representatives to have a close check on the popular pulse. I had thought that surely they would get out among, and really get acquainted with, many people in all walks of life. To some extent they do, but not nearly enough.

My first reaction was to blame the people in our official missions. But later I concluded that it was not their fault in the main. The duties of a diplomat are often onerous. They involve many necessary, time-consuming conferences with government officials and with other diplomats, and much report writing. Almost constant official entertaining is a must. And when all these tasks are accomplished, there just isn't much time left to spend getting to know people with whom their official duties do not require contact. But there is another important reason, too. It is that the standard of living of the average American in a foreign diplomatic mission is too high to permit social intercourse with any but government officials and the more well-to-do. Often our people realize this and chafe at it, but there it is. It may well be that, to circumvent these barriers, the State Department needs

some people abroad who will have no official connection with the embassies, whose job would be not to spy, not to be concerned with official politics, but merely to associate with the masses of people, to live in poorer districts, to hang out in the less fashionable bars, and to get out of the capitals and into the hinterlands on more than occasional formal trips.

(To a lesser but still important degree, the same thing can be said about American correspondents abroad. Their occupation is, perhaps perforce, too much with governments and officials and non-representative natives and not enough with people they don't meet socially. The resulting warped view of the situation within a country is frequently reflected in newspaper dispatches which might, but too often don't, fill the gaps in diplomatic reporting.)

II

The next question is, Why is the morale of Europe at the present time bad? The first answer to this question is the obvious one, and one that applies with equal pertinence throughout Europe. For the French people, this is an answer, we might say, that absolves them of any necessity of thinking up any other answer. It is a matter of general war-weariness, spiritual and physical, resulting from World War II, followed by occupation and liberation, at a time when the wounds of World War I were still unhealed. As I have said, this war-weariness is common to all of Europe; but the French of all classes and parties feel particularly that they "have had it," and they do not want any more of it.

Let me say right here that I have great affection and respect for France and the French. It is entirely understandable that they are as they are. It is as easy as it is wrong for Americans, so far unbombed, unoccupied, and unliberated, to criticize. It is more difficult and more important to understand the emotional and spiritual climate which produces a lethargy in nearly all aspects of society. It is noticeable in science and philosophy and art as well as in the political sphere. It often inhibits even the most well-meaning defense efforts. A French nobleman, whose

family was ancient before the Revolution, reflected it when he told me of his job as an official in the war ministry.

"Sometimes," he said, "I just can't face it, a third World War. I know the horror and destruction of two wars. I have seen them destroy France. Where will France be after another one? When I think of this, I have to leave my office and walk and walk and walk. Of course, France will fight if we have to, but we must fix it so we don't have to. I don't know how, but we must."

This man's brother-in-law, who wears the Croix de Guerre for his bravery in World War II, won't fight again, though. Like many a Frenchman who can afford it, he's getting out—to South America.

"I hate to leave France," he shrugged, "but I must think of my family. And if the war comes, there won't be any France, in any case. Maybe we're done as it is, the real France."

I visited a few days with Jules Richard, a young farmer near Dijon, who fought with the French underground against the Germans. M. Richard voiced only contempt for the government and its policies. About war, all he would say was that "everybody here is against it." What he would do himself he refused to say, but he pointed across the fields where a neighbor was plowing.

"My neighbor there, he has his plans all set," M. Richard explained. "When the war comes, he will pack his family off to his in-laws, while he takes to the hills. When the fighting is over, he will come back and they will all live here on the farm again. A very intelligent man, my neighbor."

The general war-weariness is reflected, too, in a widespread political apathy and cynicism, a feeling of "what's the use?" about other things than war. The frequent governmental crises which excite so much interest abroad fail to arouse the French people generally, because they don't care.

"Why worry?" asked a Bordeaux barber, Emile Johnson, when Pleven was trying vainly to form a government last year. "They'll get together pretty soon, because it's nearly August and time for vacations. You don't think they'd let this spoil the vacation, do you? And it will simply be different men doing the same things. Maybe even the same men doing the same things."

Even the Communists find their usually well-disciplined members apathetic to political action. That is one explanation of the fact that they were not able to get out more people for their anti-Eisenhower demonstrations a year ago.

"Communists are Frenchmen," explained a Communist *chef d'arrondissement* whom I asked about it, "and Frenchmen just don't give a damn these days. This is true of our people [the Communists] less than the others, but we have to battle it all the time."

A second cause of poor morale in France is that the people, particularly the workers and the poorer peasants, are oppressed by poverty and a sense of injustice. The great majority of them are not very much interested in saving or defending the kind of world in which they now fare so poorly. They feel helpless, beaten, cynical; they feel no necessity of choosing sides in a war. In any war, for any cause, they feel, they would have more to lose than to gain. Among great masses who are often "ill-housed, ill-fed, and ill-clothed" in a way seldom seen in America, life is a bitter and often unsuccessful struggle for marginal existence. That a large percentage of these people are Communists is not as surprising as that not more of them are. But even among the non-Communists, and anti-Communists, there is no sense of belonging to the present social structure in France, let alone considering fighting to defend it.

Shortly before leaving France in the spring, I was present at a "*pot*" or drinking fest at a little *bistro* near St. Denis, the Communist stronghold on the outskirts of Paris. It was located on Rue Josef Stalin. With about ten factory workers, still clad in the faded blue denims that so often mark their class, I sat in a back room drinking sour *vin rouge* that flowed from a barrel in the corner. Six of them were Communists, and I had been invited because Georges Binault, the proprietor of the café, whom I knew through a mutual mechanic friend in Paris, was the brother-in-law of one of them.

The Communists said just about what I thought they would. They were cordial to me personally. Except that a couple of them thought that M. Plevin was not a "stupid capitalist pig" but merely a "stupid capitalist," their observations sounded like a

repetition of that morning's Communist newspaper, *L'Humanité*. But I was most interested in what the four non-Communist workers had to say. The remarks of Louis Vignon were typical. When I asked M. Vignon if he agreed with his Communist drinking companions, he snorted so hard he dropped his half-smoked Gauloise cigarette. He stooped to pick it up off the floor and began his long speech: "The politics, it is not for me. It is not worth it. These fellows [the Communists] are all right, but they talk too much. Let them have their Communism and get it over with, if they want it. It's all the same to me. Thorez can't be any worse than Pleven. Maybe Stalin isn't any worse than Truman. The Russians will have to have gas, so they'll have to have gas workers. Children? They'll need them too. Do you think the Communists would pay me less than 19,000 francs a month and still have a worker?"

I felt called upon here to say something about democracy, the right to vote, free speech. M. Vignon shouted down his colleagues, all of whom had begun to wave their hands and talk excitedly.

"Look, Monsieur," he said, "M. Binault says you are a good man. Maybe things in America are different. You had Roosevelt. But here? *Alors!* Vote? I voted for Blum, and what happened? We got the Cagouards and the Germans. I was for De Gaulle, but he is *ridicule*. I won't vote for anybody who supports the present lot of pigs. And I'm not a Communist. So why do I want to vote?"

"Liberty to speak? Why do I want liberty to speak? How many francs will it bring me? Liberty to speak to a *putain* [whore] maybe? How would I afford such a thing? I know about the Rights of Man and all that. But does it get me more than 19,000 francs a month?"

"Tell that to le General Eisenhower. Tell him to bring down the prices. The struggle against the Russians? *Merde!* It is nothing. But the struggle against the prices, we'll fight for that."

M. Vignon was speaking a type of worker's argot compounded, and at a mile a minute. I didn't always understand every word. But I understood the gist of what he said all right. Maybe M. Vignon would answer a call to arms. I asked him, but he didn't

reply. Maybe he would fight against invasion. But I cannot imagine M. Vignon fighting with more zeal against the Russians than he did in 1939 against the Germans.

It is difficult to illustrate the plight of M. Vignon and his friends statistically. Income statistics are hard to come by in France, a land where arithmetical precision is held in general disapproval. The kind of figures issued by our Commerce and Labor departments simply do not exist there. After a long discussion of the question at the Ministry of Finance one day, an exasperated French economist finally suggested I inquire at the statistical division of the Communist Party. "We hear their statistics on low incomes and expenditures are pretty good," he said.

A glance at some of the figures the French do have is enough, however, to tell the story. As of July 1, 1950, the Ministry of Labor and Social Security reported,¹ more than 60 per cent of all French workers in industry and commerce (3,827,000 of them) earned 17,000 francs (\$48.57) or less a month; 34 per cent earned 15,000 francs a month or less; and only 9 per cent earned more than 22,000 francs (\$62.85) a month. At that time, the official figures showed, nearly 300,000 French workers were earning less than 12,000 francs (\$34.28) monthly. Since that time there have been general wage boosts—making some of the more sub-marginal wages only marginal—and family allowances have added to total income. But none of these substantially alters the picture. The cost of living during the same period has risen steadily and is still mounting. Hardly a day during the past year but every newspaper, from *Le Figaro* to *L'Humanité*, carried on its front page notice of a new price increase. For the French, France is one of the most expensive countries in Europe to live in.

On top of this situation comes the new, increased emphasis on armaments and the shift-over from United States economic aid under ECA to military aid under the Mutual Security Agency. More guns will soon be produced, but, inevitably, less—and still costlier—butter. One may argue the guns *and* butter case for the fatted economy of the United States but not for France. The new pressure on resources has already resulted in curtailments of civilian goods and new rounds of price increases² at the very

time when exactly the opposite is a crying need. That the French and other western European governments, fearful of the results, have sometimes seemed "reluctant to embrace the new arms program wholeheartedly"³ is hardly surprising.

But, ask the Americans, if things are so bad in France, what has the Marshall Plan been doing? The answer is simple. The Marshall Plan did an enormous amount of good for France as a country, as an economic unit. Without it, the French might not have been able to conquer unemployment. Without it, the conditions of M. Vignon and his fellow workers might well be even worse than they are. But in general, the vast amount of Marshall Plan aid—\$2,444,799,000 through June 15, 1951—has not percolated down to the masses of people.

Why this is true is a more complicated question. The biggest reason—and one which the administrators of the Marshall Plan have worried about helplessly—is that our aid has been poured not into a free, private enterprise system as we know it in America but into a highly cartelized, tightly controlled economic society whose resemblance to American capitalism is mostly coincidental. And this system is manned at the top by businessmen who are surely the spiritual inheritors of the mantle of the Bourbons, of whom it was said they never learned and they never forgot. So intent are some of these gentlemen upon cutting off their noses to spite their faces that their mounting profits⁴ obscure the view of the mobs gathering before the Bastille. Beside the average French capitalist, Tom Girdler, the American liberals' target of other days, appears as a parlor pink.

These owners of French capital, sitting astride the most powerful economy of continental western Europe, are the bulwarks of a government which all but ignores their wealth for tax purposes. The income tax, except where it is collected on wages at the source, is a joke in France, and everybody knows it. It is obviated simply by not reporting income. Since there are no income statistics, except for wages, how is anybody to tell? The result is to increase both the burden and the sense of injustice of M. Vignon and other workers. If they only understood it a little better, they would probably be more incensed than they are.

A strangled economy (at least as far as the workers are con-

cerned), low wages, high prices, a depressingly low buying power, a sense of social injustice, a sense of helplessness—these conditions do not make the rank and file of Frenchmen eager to defend anything.

In view of general war-weariness and a generally poor economic situation for the masses in France, even the Communists, as I noted previously, are more politically apathetic and disinclined to action than one would expect. But the Communists are a force that, naturally, from the American point of view, helps to keep morale low in France. They are clever in exploiting our mistakes, in fomenting and exploiting discontent; they are well organized and strategically distributed.

In the last French election, the Communists lost about 500,000 votes. But they still attracted the largest following at the polls of any single party. They are strongest in workers' communities which ring the capital.⁵ They control labor in key industries, and they dominate most of the ports. There is no question that they are a threat. But the only effective way to get at them is to get at the bad morale conditions which make it possible for them to be so strong.

The bad morale in France, although not caused by the Communists, plays into their hands. It is a sort of vicious circle. The Communists are strong because of conditions which create bad morale. And because the Communists are strong, morale in turn is still worse.⁶

Communist propaganda exploits the Frenchman's firm opposition to war by peace campaigns tied in with Soviet propaganda. The startling success of the Stockholm Appeal was a clear example of this. Communist propaganda also creates misunderstandings of the true nature of Soviet Communism. At the libel action brought against the Communist publication *Les Lettres Françaises* last year, for instance, witness after witness produced by the Party stated solemnly before a court of the Republic that concentration camps do not exist in Russia, and such nonsense was seriously reported by the French press.

The Communists also take advantage of American mishandling of the French situation to make us appear to wide groups of people as the aggravator of their difficulties and, if not actually eager for war, at least disinclined to take steps necessary to avoid

war. There was little sympathy in any segment of the population for the untimely proposals of the United States to rearm Germany, for example, but it was Communist propaganda that succeeded in picturing our proposal, which was merely inept, as outright war-mongering.

A lot has been heard about "Neutralism" in France. The Neutralists have felt that, with lack of armament and bad morale, France's only hope was not to provoke the Russians and to try to mediate between them and the United States—at any rate not to take sides in the cold war. Because the Neutralist point of view is articulated chiefly by a comparatively small group of businessmen and intellectuals, it has sometimes been erroneously concluded that a negative attitude among the French is limited to them. The fact is that *Le Monde*, the conservative Paris newspaper which has often been the spokesman for the Neutralists, is seldom read by the masses of French people whose defeatist outlook constitutes the real morale problem in France.

Among some of those who do read *Le Monde* (members of the more well-to-do classes), however, it was not difficult for Communists to gain support by veiled threats about what would happen to their opponents in the event of a Red victory, and sometimes, by promises of favors should that come to pass. This is why some French business interests have contributed to Communist causes, and it was in some cases a factor in gaining signatures for the Stockholm Appeal.

Speaking of the Stockholm Appeal, an official of the Quai d'Orsay, M. de S., related an incident that helps show how the Communists work and also illustrates the kind of conditions that sometimes make it possible for them to succeed. This man, a conservative aristocrat and devout Catholic, lives in wealthy suburban St. Cloud. He fought in the Resistance, and his wife parachuted into Nazi-held territory while pregnant. In church one Sunday, the priest spoke of peace and the necessity for social reform. That afternoon, two young people, obviously of the poorer classes, called at M. de S.'s apartment. They asked him to sign a petition for peace, and he did. It turned out to be the Stockholm Appeal, a notorious instrument of Soviet propaganda.

Speaking of it afterwards, M. de S. was somewhat defensive. "I knew, of course," he said, "that the Stockholm Appeal was a

Communist thing. But I felt an urge to demonstrate to those young people, who came from a class *en bas*, that we [the upper classes] were not opposed to peace. Maybe this did contribute to Moscow's aims. But it seemed to me desirable to show some sign of solidarity for peace among all the French classes. Maybe what I did was wrong, but under the circumstances I felt it would have been wrong for me to refuse. Maybe they won't like it in Washington, but then, I'm a Frenchman, and this is a French situation, not American."

A fourth cause of low morale in France (and incidentally in most of so-called Free Europe) is the fact that American propaganda and information programs have not been able to convince Frenchmen that our foreign policy is in their interest and that we are genuinely eager to avert war. The fact that the people of the United States do not want war—a fact so obvious and clear to us—is not at all clear to many of the French. From their point of view, our actions speak louder than our words; and even our words (propaganda, information) are not all they might be. For example, partly because of our own bungling, the Communists have stolen the ball from us in the matter of peace and peaceful intentions. (War, let us remember, still looks worse to many Frenchmen than Communism.) Now, the majority of Frenchmen probably do not believe that the United States is actually and positively a war-mongering nation, despite consistent efforts of the Communists to convince them that this is true. But a great many do believe that we are "trigger-happy," that we do not understand what war means and that we are willing for various reasons to let a war with Russia break out in the hopes it will be fought in Europe and leave us relatively untouched.

French fears on this matter seem to the French to have been repeatedly confirmed by our actions. Take a concrete example, the conference of the Big Three Foreign Ministers proposed last year by the Soviet Union. We may know of a certainty that the Russians demanded the meeting solely as a maneuver, solely for their own nefarious propaganda purposes. No matter. The worst thing we could have done from the standpoint of winning friends and influencing Frenchmen was what we did: to appear reluctant, to indicate we thought no useful purpose would be

served by a meeting, to open ourselves to Communist charges that we were opposed to negotiating differences with the Soviet Union. True, the State Department was doubtless motivated by the desire not to arouse hopes falsely. But in the emotional climate of France today, when somebody, anybody, proposes a peace conference, hopes are aroused, like it or not. To throw cold water on these hopes serves Communist ends. That the American government itself finally proposed another set of negotiations indicates our people may have got the point. One can only hope that this belated gesture did not come too late to overcome the unfortunate first impressions.

Another illustration: regardless of how justified we were morally or strategically in first crossing the 38th parallel in Korea, it did not help us with French morale. The whole war in Korea has been a nightmare to most of the French. Except among Communists and a few believers of falsehoods circulated by the Communist press, there was no sympathy for the Communist cause. If anything, people hoped we would win and win quickly. But more important than the issues were the desire to get the war over before it caused a general war and the opposition to anything that tended to prolong it. It may be just to call this a head-in-the-sand attitude—indeed one might so characterize a good many attitudes of the French—but there it is, and merely inveighing against it does no good.

No, we have a long way to go in really convincing the French that we are determined to avert war if at all possible. And there is a delicate point involved here. Unless our whole foreign policy, stated and implied, is a lie and a bluff, there are conditions under which America would not wish to avert war; one of these conditions doubtless would be a sudden new act of aggression by the U.S.S.R. But the French might be made to understand this and to accept it. What worries them is that America, confident of her might, inexperienced in the real costs of war, might bring on the very war we seek to prevent. What worries them is that we might be reluctant to go as far as the French think we should in every effort to avoid a war. By our actions and by a new emphasis in our words, we have to counteract that fear.

III

Now to our last question: How can morale in France, and in Europe, be improved? To put it more brutally and realistically, how can *we* improve morale in France? For this is our problem—an important part of the problem of our defense of ourselves.

Of all things needed to repair morale in France, economic reforms are the most imperative: price controls, augmentation of low-bracket wages, tax reform. These are measures, obviously, which a French government itself would have to undertake. Because of the undisciplined state of the French economy, they would be difficult in any case. Because of the precarious balance of French politics, the French government—any French government—is reluctant to attempt them. If such reforms are attempted at all, we will have to put pressure on the French.

“Pressure” is a word Americans do not like. “Political intervention” is a concept that goes counter to our finest traditions. But we should admit frankly that we are already intervening to a considerable extent, all around the world. Now, somehow or other, we shall have to carry our case to the French people. One might say, instead, that the time has come for us, working with great finesse through a French government, to carry the French people’s case to the French people. In them we have a potent ally for economic reforms. Regardless of what the politicians might say, great numbers of Frenchmen might well respond favorably. Indeed one can hear from many Frenchmen the hope that the United States will take such action, that it will use its economic leverage to bring the politicians around.

It may well be, so important and difficult an undertaking is this, that an entirely new agency of the government should be set up to deal with the European morale problem. Such an Operation Morale, bringing in the best brains and abilities we have, should be able to give binding instructions to the State and Defense departments, to the Mutual Security Agency, and to the whole government on how to start repairing European morale. It should become the general staff for a concerted American attack on the problem.

Such an Operation Morale should, if it could, establish contacts in France outside the government, and furnish leadership

and funds to the French themselves to do the job. The more that such action could come from French rather than non-French sources, the better it would be. In America, some of the ablest men in the country have banded together in an organization called the Committee on the Present Danger. In France the present danger is bad morale. A French Committee on the Present Danger, if it were carefully constituted, may be the answer there.

It is far from certain, of course, that any such efforts would succeed, due to the internal French political situation. The Communists, probably, would find grounds for opposing them. A large segment of the Gaullists might join in crying "American interference," although it is not at all certain that General De Gaulle himself could not be persuaded to co-operate if intelligent American attempts were made to establish friendly relations with him. But there is certainly a good chance of rallying the Center and non-Communist Left if we try, both because such a program is one that many of these politicians really desire but are afraid to propose, and also because their personal interests are intimately tied up with a continuation of American assistance. The so-called Third Force governments in France, indeed, are able to stay in power almost solely because of United States support.

Finally, what are some of the things we should not do, or quit doing?

(1) *We ought to give up the "house beautiful" type of appeal.* The superiority of our bathrooms is not a good line. I once tacked up in my Paris apartment an ECA poster. It depicted a spotlessly clean, strapping American worker going into his spotless, well-furnished suburban home, his spotless, shining automobile parked outside. One day I saw my *concierge* eyeing it critically, and I asked her what she thought of it.

"Well," she said, "it's not Picasso, is it?" And then: "Do people really live like that in America?"

I assured her a great many of them did.

"I think it's wasteful," she sniffed, and wouldn't discuss it further.

(2) *It does not aid our cause in France to talk about the ad-*

vantages of capitalism and free private enterprise. These, to the great mass of French people, are discredited institutions. Not only to Marxists, but to people generally. When they think of capitalism, they think not of the American economic system, buttressed by the American political system, but of the archaic, restrictive, low-wage economic system of France. Capitalism in America is as different from capitalism in France as it is from Socialism in England. We don't have to extol Socialism—although to argue against it is to arouse needlessly the suspicions of a great many people whose support we need—but we must avoid giving the impression that we want to perpetuate a status quo which few like and a great many feel will not be long perpetuated in any event. Our job is not to defend French capitalism but to win friends for United States foreign policy.

For if we do not win friends in Europe for American foreign policy, what then? Only one thing: a basic reconsideration of that policy, leading probably in the isolationist directions advocated by Mr. Hoover or even Mr. Taft. If we continue our policy of military aid to Europe, then we *must* strengthen morale or run the risk of having that aid used against us at some time in the future.

The present American foreign policy is based on the assumption of Soviet military aggression unless the U.S.S.R. is faced with overwhelming armed strength. If the validity of that assumption is to be tested, it may be better to test it now before relations between our two countries reach the point of no return. One may be sure that present rearmament policies in western Europe increase, rather than diminish, the ever growing suspicion and hostility of the Soviet Union. Unfortunately, one can't be sure that at the same time these policies are bringing to the United States the added strength such suspicion and hostility may necessitate.

FOOTNOTES

¹Special Report of the French Ministry of Labor and Social Security to the French Mission, ECA, Paris. Currency conversions are made at the legal rate of 350 francs to the dollar.

²Maurice Schuman, quoted in *La Revue Economique*, February, 1952.

³Ludwell Denny, *Rocky Mountain News*, February 10, 1952.

⁴Profits in French industry for 1951 were estimated to be the highest in history, according to an estimate made by the Paris edition of the *New York Herald Tribune*, January 15, 1952.

⁵The Communists have also made serious inroads among the poorer peasants. See Henry Ehrmann, "The French Peasant and Communism," *American Political Science Review*, XLVI (March, 1952), 19-42.

⁶The same is at least equally true in Italy. The author was told by an NATO official in Rome last year that military efforts there now are being concentrated not on equipping an Italian army to help defend the West but to build up internal police power against a Communist threat.

Ghosts in the mountains

MURIEL SIBELL WOLLE

Colorado is full of them—these ghost towns and mining camps whose boom days are over. Some are still lively, especially in summer, others nod and drowse away the years, a few are dead, and the remainder have disappeared so completely that only an oldtimer can uncover an overgrown foundation or a rusted water hydrant hidden in the underbrush of the former main street. For over twenty-five years I have found the exploration of such places my most absorbing hobby.

At first I visited them solely to sketch the picturesque streets, the crumbling cabins and the empty-eyed stores. Before long I became curious about the history of each one, and now I am as excited over finding a crackling old newspaper, tacked to a cabin wall, announcing in fading print "Our Next President—William Jennings Bryan," as I am to discover suddenly, around a sharp corner, a sagging and forgotten town. I have visited more than 260 of Colorado's camps and sketched them, and this past year I have added nearly two hundred more, culled from eleven other western states. In other words, I have become either an authority or a nut about western mining lore.

No two towns are alike. Most can be reached by car but some require a horse, a jeep, or a good sturdy pair of legs. Perhaps you will want to explore some of them with a camera, or perhaps you enjoy just talking to oldtimers, or perhaps you are like me, and every side road pulls you like a magnet. As sample towns I have chosen six. Silver Plume, Cripple Creek, and Creede are easy to reach by car; Turret and Capitol City may be so reached over mountain roads; to Crystal, I advise you not to drive your own car, if you value it.

Whenever you go west of Denver over Loveland Pass you see two of the state's early silver towns. The highway bypasses them, but some day when you want to explore a little, turn off the



pavement and wander through them. Georgetown is the larger, and three miles above it stands Silver Plume, whose main street retains much of its early charm.

One day while I was sketching there, a crowd of curious children stood near by watching the picture grow. The scene contained a church; so turning to one of them I asked, "What church is that?" "I don't know," he replied. "It doesn't go any more." Much of Silver Plume doesn't "go any more," and many of its buildings have disappeared within the last twenty years; yet it is not a ghost town. In summer its frame houses are full of life, but each fall the visitors close up their vacation homes and depart, leaving a small but permanent population to carry on through the long winter months.

It was not until 1870 that a town was built in this picturesque

valley between the steep mountains. At first its tents and cabins were located high on the slopes, but gradually, as the valley was cleared of trees and its swampy land was drained, homes were built on the flat and the townsite began to take shape. By 1875 the population was two thousand, and two churches, a school, a theatre, and several general stores and saloons served the growing community.

The richest of the mines were close to the town and were reached by narrow roads which can still be seen, crisscrossing the mountainsides or zigzagging to almost inaccessible tunnel openings. The lodes carried silver, lead, zinc, copper, and gold, and the ore from the many properties was packed by jack train to the Plume and then hauled to Georgetown. These mines produced millions, and as long as they prospered the town flourished too.

When the famous Georgetown Loop was completed in 1882, the Plume reached its peak. The Loop trip became known all over the country, ranking with Niagara Falls and Yellowstone as a "must" on vacations. All summer long, trains brought as many as twenty-five or thirty carloads of passengers a day to the city. Tourists filled the streets, blocking all vehicular traffic and filling the eating places to capacity. Many brought their lunches and picnicked in the grove at the far end of town near the Pavilion, or along Clear Creek.

Anyone in Silver Plume can tell you about the Pelican and Dives mines, whose eight-foot silver vein was the richest in the region and whose huge dumps loom high behind the town, and they can describe the feud over the underground property, which resulted in litigation, graft, and murder. The two mine shafts were so close together that it was believed that both were tapping the same vein. Experts hired at a hundred dollars a day showed that this was true. Both companies eyed the ore which the other extracted, believing it to be stolen. Lawsuits were brought against the property, endeavoring to settle once and for all in which mine the vein apexed. At one time twenty-three complaints were on file before Judge Belford, and court scenes during the hearings were so heated that the judge was forced to keep a brace of pistols on his desk.

Jacob Snider, one of the owners of the Pelican mine, believed that J. H. McCurdy, resident manager of the Dives, was stealing his ore. Investigating underground, he heard the pickaxes of the miners in the rival mine coming closer and closer to his wall of rock. One night word was sent to Denver for six coffins, for men who had been killed in the mine. These were delivered and lowered and were then hoisted up with their heavy loads and hauled away. It was discovered later that the boxes contained stolen high-grade ore, but by then the ore was at the smelter. Both companies placed armed guards about their mines and a virtual state of siege existed. One morning in 1875, Snider, while riding to Georgetown, was overtaken by a guard in the employ of the rival mine and shot to death. Soon afterwards McCurdy died. William A. Hammill then bought the Dives mine for \$50,000, and in 1880 disposed of the combined Pelican-Dives properties for \$5,000,000, making him Georgetown's wealthiest citizen.

One by one the Plume's landmarks are disappearing. La Veta Hotel is gone, the City Hotel next to St. Patrick's Church has been razed, two houses have lost their ornate Victorian porches, and the wooden bandstand beside Clear Creek sags more each year. But the city hall, the firehouse, the tiny stone jail, and the big schoolhouse remain. The Windsor Hotel, with its Victorian parlor and clean lace curtains is open for business, and a few stores serve the three hundred or more residents to whom the Plume is home. Few other people leave the main road to wander along the winding streets and to admire the columbine and larkspur in the gardens which surround the neatly painted houses with their picket fences. However, the moment they turn off the highway, they step back fifty to seventy years, and as cars streak past on the concrete ribbon, their footsteps echo on quiet streets which once knew the pulse and throb of life in the Plume.

The Cripple Creek mining district is close to Colorado Springs, and were it not for Pike's Peak, which stands in the way, it could be reached by a short drive. Some miles outside of the camp the first signs of mining appear—a broken-down shaft house, yellow dumps, or the foundations of a mill—and just as you begin to wonder where the city is, a turn in the road opens

up a whole new panorama, with Cripple Creek right below sprawled over the mountainside. The city looks big, with block after block of buildings, some flanking the streets east and west and others sliding down the gulch toward the creek. The place is built on the side of a hill so steep that one block of Bennett Avenue is on two levels, traffic west taking the upper roadway and traffic east taking the lower. The side streets race down hill, pausing just long enough at each intersection to level off for the width of it, and then tear on down another block. Bennett Avenue runs the length of the town, and on it are located the main business houses, the city hall and fire station, and the Teller County courthouse. Above it is the residential section; below it, the site of the rest of the city—the empty blocks full of foundations, left by the fire of 1896.

Cripple Creek sprang up in the early 'nineties, and resulted from random prospecting in cattle country. The first discovery of gold was made in 1874, but it was negligible; the second was made by Chicken Bill, who salted a mine, and when the hoax was uncovered, Bill was far away. After this experience men were suspicious of new strikes in the region, but Bob Womack, who rode range during the 'eighties for a cattle firm, was always on the lookout for pieces of float rock in hopes that they might contain gold. He took his best specimens to the Springs and showed them around, but no one paid any attention to him or his discoveries. By the summer of 1891 Womack found float that assayed twenty-five dollars a ton, and several days later, when he struck the vein from which it came, he hurried to the Springs to celebrate. In his drunken excitement he disposed of his mine, which he called the El Paso, for five hundred dollars in cash. As soon as his strike became known, men flocked to the land and began staking claims all over the area, six miles square. Cowboys named the creek which flowed through it Cripple Creek, because so many cattle were lamed while crossing it, and within the year the straggling settlement of tents and cabins, and the mining district that was organized, took the same name.

During 1892, most of the mining was from placers; and had it not been for them the camp might have failed, for the great lode mines were not discovered until the following year. By the time

they were opened, thousands of miners who had been thrown out of work by the closing down of the silver camps in 1893, due to the demonetization of silver, flocked to Cripple Creek to dig for gold. From the very first, the ores of the district were an "enigma and a paradox." Gold should not have been present at all in the rock and when found it should have been on the surface only; yet the deeper the mines were developed, the richer the veins became. Each year the mineral output increased until by 1895, when the camp hit its stride, the Cripple Creek *Morning Times* urged its readers to "Go to church today and thank the God of all good for guiding your footsteps to Cripple Creek."

Myers Avenue, just south of Bennett Avenue, consisted of half a mile of "one-storied cell-like cribs, false-front saloons, dance-halls and Parlor Houses." On Saturday, April 25, 1896, the staccato blasts of the whistle at the Mocking Bird mine sounded an alarm as clouds of black smoke began pouring from a building on Myers Avenue, where Jennie Larue and her lover had upset a gasoline stove. As the fire spread, buildings were blown up in a vain effort to stop its advance, but before the flames were under control the greater portion of the city was in ruins. The following Tuesday the fire alarm shrieked again, and the citizens turned out to fight an even bigger blaze than the first one. When the smoke cleared away, less than ten buildings were left to mark the site of a city which a week before had had a population of ten thousand. Almost before the ashes were cold, a brick and stone town rose on the foundations of the former camp.

Each year the mines yielded greater amounts of ore. In 1898 production was estimated at \$16,000,000; in 1899 it reached \$21,000,000. By 1900 all the mines were developed at great depths and electricity replaced steam for power. The Colorado Short Line, a standard-gauge road, reached the district from Colorado Springs, and with its arrival Cripple became a tourists' paradise, to which "wide-eyed excursionists armed with lunch baskets, cameras and notebooks" swarmed. In 1903 two electric lines connected the city with Victor—the High Line laid over the hilltops that separate the two camps, and the Low Line around the edge of the same hills.

Cripple Creek has changed less in appearance in the last twen-

ty-five years than almost any Colorado camp I know, and while its buildings are old, few of them are empty. Cripple Creek and Victor, six miles away, are still mining camps, and although their boom days seem past, they are still rivals. Now that the new Golden Cycle mill is operating halfway between the towns, perhaps a new boom is in the offing.

Rip-roarin' Creede, contemporary with Cripple Creek, is hidden away in the mountains north of Wagon Wheel Gap, where strange upthrust mountains border a narrow gorge, up which Nicholas C. Creede and his partner wandered one day in 1889. There they found float, and Creede, tracing it to its source at the head of West Willow Creek, made a location, sank a shaft, and discovered a mine that he named the Holy Moses. The men worked the claim that summer and then left until the spring of 1890.

David H. Moffat, president of the Denver and Rio Grande road, and other wealthy men heard of this strike and after inspecting the property bought it for \$70,000. As soon as it was learned that these men were identified with the mine, prospectors were as thick as fleas on Campbell Mountain, and a map of claims of the area looked like a patchwork quilt. An embryo city called Willow sprouted at the foot of the peak, and by December, 1890, houses and stores ranged all along the gulch, anywhere they could be crammed—on pole foundations over the stream, crowded into rock walls, or jammed along the one long thoroughfare that was "rather straighter than a corkscrew." For six miles there was not a foot of land along the creek that had not been staked for a lot.

There were really three towns. The original location was above the formidable cliff at the entrance of the canyon. Half a mile down stream a second town sprang up in 1891 and was known under several names—Jimtown or Gintown, Creedmoor and Amethyst. The third town—Upper or North Creede—was still farther up the gulch than the original location. As the place continued to grow, real estate speculators poured in and platted Zephyr Glen, although everyone knew it was only another name for Windy Gulch. The best residential sites were on Capitol Hill, the mesa overlooking the gulch. Locations were made in

the morning, sold at noon, and "jumped" at dark. If a man drove a stake into a lot, it held the ground for a short time, but to keep it he had to lay a foundation. Four planks nailed together and laid on four stumps indicated the start of a building. Often, before it could be erected, the land was appropriated by unscrupulous men. One woman stood on her land all the while her cabin was being put up, the barrel of a six-shooter showing under her shawl.

Creede was a red-hot town in 1891 and 1892, with a total population of ten thousand. By December of '91, a branch of the D. & R. G. road was completed to the camp and every train brought more miners, speculators, gamblers, bartenders, dance-hall girls, and curiosity seekers to the overcrowded city. There were dozens of hotels like the Palace—"a board shanty sixteen feet square with a blanket for a door." Such a place might have twenty to sixty cots in its one room and would charge one dollar a night with blankets and fifty cents without.

Creede's first newspaper, the *Amethyst*, folded up after Lute Johnson arrived with a "hatful of type, a hand press and brains" and started the *Creede Candle*. The files of the *Candle* contain a complete picture of the vivid city, and everybody subscribed, for, as the editor said:

If you are a miner or in any way interested in mining you will want the *Candle*. For two silver discs you can have a new one every week for a year and may be lighted to a prospect that will return you thousands for one.

The camp was full of gamblers, fancy women, and tin horns. As the *Candle* of April 29, 1892, put it:

Creede is unfortunate in getting more of the flotsam of the state than usually falls to the lot of mining camps . . . Some of her citizens would take sweepstake prizes at a hog show.

Creede's most famous "bad men" were Soapy Smith, who with his gang ruled the city for a time, and Bob Ford, who shot Jesse James. It also had its girls.

Lulu Slain, a frail daughter, laid aside the camelia for the poppy and passed into the beyond early Wednesday morning. She and the Mormon Queen had been living in a small cabin in Upper Creede but

the times grew hard and the means of life came not. They sought relief from life with morphine, the inevitable end of their unfortunate kind, a well-trodden path from Creede. Lulu's dead; the Queen lives.

Creede Candle, Sept. 15, 1893.

Creede had religion too. Services were held in saloons and gambling halls until a large tent, donated by the Congregationalists of Denver, was erected in Jimtown. On Easter Sunday the tent was used for a place of worship in the morning and for a prize fight that evening. One preacher talked in a "blub room" and used the faro dealer's chair as a rostrum. Once when Parson Uzzell preached in the camp, he stood on a pool table. The men listened, but that night one of them stole his trousers and the collection. Soapy Smith made the thief return the pants with more money in them than when they were taken.

Creede had more than its share of fires. In 1892 a blaze destroyed most of the business section. In 1890 "the whistle of the D. & R. G. freight engine aroused the sleeping citizens to the fact that fire was again in possession of the city." In 1902, twenty houses and two hotels in Upper Creede were licked up by flames, and in 1936 another third of the business district disappeared. There were fires at the mines too—a blaze at the Amethyst not only destroying all the surface buildings but killing four men in the shaft when the cables of the "skip" burned through and it fell upon them.

Many old landmarks have disappeared through flood. Willow Creek is narrow and the gorge is deep, and when cloudbursts rush down, the water rips out everything in its way. In North Creede only a fringe of buildings, pressed against the cliff wall, have resisted repeated freshets. Even now parts of the city are threatened each year by the torrents of water which tear through the middle of town, eating away banks, flooding streets, and depositing a new layer of mud and debris. Much of Creede is gone, but there are still old buildings, and in North Creede, ruins of mills and empty ore bins, dwarfed by the sharp pinnacles of rock, litter the canyon. When I last saw the city, two enterprising residents had assembled a priceless collection of "Creediana" in a log building. In the midst of old books and photographs, ox-shoes and wagon wheels, costumes and guns stood a Wurlitzer music box from one of the saloons. When it started playing, its

flat metallic jangle conjured up a glimpse of the Creede of which Cy Warman wrote:

It's day all day in the daytime
And there is no night in Creede.

Lake City, at the foot of Slumgullion Pass and northwest of Creede, is in itself one of the mining towns of the 'seventies, and every road out of it leads to other old camps or townsites. One of these is Capitol City.

It was early June when a friend and I drove up Henson Gulch as far as "Cap" city. "Snowslides have wiped out part of the roadbed, but the plough has been up as far as you're going, so you'll get through," said the garage man as he filled the car with gasoline. The drive was unexpectedly scenic and varied. At first the road lies almost in the creek bed and winds around the bases of sheer silver-grey cliffs. Then it climbs away from the water to pass the Hidden Treasure mine, and by the time it reaches the Ute-Ulay, the biggest property of all, the tops of the stacks of the Ute mill, by the creek, are below it. Farther up the canyon we came close to the snow. Some of the higher slopes were scarred by many avalanches, and twice the roadbed was completely cut away by recent slides. At these spots we bumped over rocks, gravel, mud, and debris, between snowbanks in which large trees were imbedded, their thick trunks snapped off as clean as a broken matchstick. The force and destructiveness of the slide, seen weeks after the damage, was terrifying.

Just beyond the Ocean Wave property we passed a large brick house at the lower end of the mountain park in which lies the site of Capitol City. As we looked around the swampy, willow-grown flat, with its few crumbling buildings and its ghostly white schoolhouse in the distance, I noticed an old man puttering around his cabin. He was old enough to know about the place, and since he was the only one living in the deserted city, I asked him how long he had been there.

"Only since the 'nineties, but I've heard tell about the early days," he said, settling back in his homemade armchair. "It was a new camp in 1877 with a two-hundred-acre townsite on this meadow, a sawmill, a post office, and about thirty cabins. It was called Galena City then, but some of the boys were so sure it

would be a big thing that they changed its name to Capitol City. Guess they thought it might beat Denver some day- This camp overbuilt itself. The silver was near the surface and no one bothered to see how deep the veins ran, so they built on a big scale. Then when the ore or the money ran out they were sunk. There were lots of paying properties but some of the best got tied up in litigation. Then the two smelting works shut down and everybody sat around for a while waiting for Cap City to come back.

"You saw the big two-story brick house at the edge of town, didn't you? It belonged to George Lee, who built the smelting works on Henson Creek and the planing mill here on the flat. He wanted his place to be the best in the San Juan. The bricks for it were packed in on jacks and were wrapped in straw. Lee figured they cost him a dollar a brick! The big schoolhouse was built in 1883 and cost more than a thousand dollars. Like everything else here it was built too big, and by the time it was finished the boom was over.

"Which were the best mines? The Capitol City and the Yellow Medicine paid off. The Polar Star was good too, and the Ocean Wave. There's the Great Eastern dump up there, and the San Bruno and the Incas and the High Muck-A-Muck. During the 'nineties when they found gold here, there were nearly seven hundred people in this camp and there was room for a thousand more. We had a boom, and a lot of prospectors began gophering the hills again and reopening the old properties. That's when the Ajax and the Moro lodes turned out hundreds of tons of high-grade gold and copper ore. But there hasn't been much doing around here for thirty years."

Before leaving Cap City we explored the schoolhouse, with its peeling blackboards and its plaster-littered floor. It stood at one end of the townsite and the Lee Mansion at the other—the sole survivors of the city's pretentious past.

A fourteen-mile drive does not seem much, but the fourteen miles from Salida to Turret seems endless. The first few miles of road out of Salida are well-graded and easy to drive, but the last four are a challenge to both driver and car. The trail, for it is hardly a road, scrambles over mountain meadows, up sharp



Lee Mansion, Capitol City

grades and around rocky cliffs, until it finally passes a boarded-up schoolhouse and then drops suddenly into the middle of the empty camp. One dome-like knob of rock rises above the rest of the mountain, and at the foot of this the town is built. Most of it is lined up along one street and includes a sample room with a false front, a two-story hotel with a balcony and wall-papered interior, and several log cabins ornamented with carved bargeboards.

While I stood sketching one of them, a piping voice behind me said, "Don't you want to see the schoolhouse?" Startled to find that the empty town was not deserted after all, I turned to find a small boy watching me. "I live here with grandma," he announced, "and I play in all the houses. That's the post office up on top of the hill, and there's books in the schoolhouse. The door's locked, but I can get in. I just take the nails out of the hinges." I followed him to the two-room school, where tattered books, maps, and papers lay strewn on the floor. In the inner room was a rusty bedstead. "We live here all summer," my

small guide chirped. "Just grandma and her folks and me. We work the mine too."

From "grandma" I learned that the town was platted in 1897, that it reached its peak in 1899, and that its boom was short-lived. Some say the Vivandiere was the first mine discovered in the district, in 1896, and some say it was the Gold Bug, but the former became a producer whereas the Bug vein pinched out almost at once. The Independence was the biggest mine, shipping ore to the smelter at Pueblo in 1899 and producing copper and gold as late as 1916. The camp was well established by 1898, when a county election was held at which two hundred votes were cast. No city election was necessary, as there were no officials except a marshal. During Turret's boom year of 1899, a bi-weekly stage ran between it and Salida, and the camp, which by now had added a post office, a butcher shop, and a saloon to its other buildings, produced a newspaper called the *Gold Belt*. The whole town turned out for the Fourth of July celebration in 1900 when United States Senator William Mason of Illinois gave an address; but before the end of the year the mines began to peter out and one by one the people drifted away, some to nearby Whitehorn and Calumet, where mining was still active. The last time I saw Turret even "grandma" was gone.

If you really want adventure, drive from Carbondale to Marble, explore that quarry ghost town, and then try to get to Crystal, eight miles away. I knew that a steep hill and a ledge road separate it from the town of Marble and that the hill is hard on a car; so when my husband and I, who were staying in Carbondale, learned that George Harris drove to Crystal every day, we phoned one morning to the schoolteacher in Marble (for hers is the only telephone there), asking if Mr. Harris was about.

"He's around," she replied, "but he's getting ready to leave."

"Stop him if you can and tell him we want to go to Crystal with him," we urged, hanging up the receiver and dashing up the Crystal River road as fast as its curves allow. We whizzed through Redstone, bounced past the coal mine at Placita, and came to a sliding stop in Marble in front of the only house in which we saw signs of life. Harris was still there but he was impatient to get on the road. To our dismay he said he was on

his way to Carbondale to buy groceries! My husband tried to persuade him to drive us to Crystal first, but the old miner was a bit crusty and stuck to his plan.

"What do you want to go to Crystal for?" he asked suspiciously. "You goin' fishin'?" We assured him we never fished.

"Look here," said my husband, "my wife's a crazy artist who likes to sketch old towns and she wants to see Crystal. She won't stay there for more than an hour and a half. Will you take us there for ten dollars?"

"Did you say ten dollars just to drive you eight miles? I sure will. I need dynamite for my mine and I need groceries. Put it there, Sir, and we'll get going."

Mr. Harris' car was old and somewhat battered, and the back seat had been removed so as to make room for tools and supplies to be hauled to the mine. On the trip up, I sat on the floor, surrounded by wrenches, chains, wire, and tin cans, and watched the treetops go by. It took a seasoned driver to guide an automobile up the grueling three-mile hill that I had heard so much about. At the top the road leveled off, only to plunge down a rocky ledge to the Crystal River far below. Sharp peaks rose above us, their timbered slopes gouged by rock- and snowslides, while far below was the clear tumbling river. Toward the bottom of the mountain we passed deserted mines and the foundations of old mills. A little farther on, we crossed the stream and drove up a short hill directly onto the main street of Crystal.

One look at its dozen houses and at its setting convinced me that it is the most beautifully situated of all the mining camps. It is high and it is set on a lush meadow through which runs the river. On every side rise majestic peaks—Mineral Point, Crystal Mountain, Bear Mountain, Sheep Mountain, and Treasury Peak—their summits well above timberline and their sides covered with aspens and pines. Suddenly an explosion reverberated through the hills, and a column of smoke wavered in the air halfway up the nearest mountain and then slowly faded away. On the way up, Harris had said that his partner was going to blast at ten-thirty. Sure enough, he had. Before we left, Mr. Harris pointed out first one old landmark and then another, and

by the time we had climbed back into the car, he was telling me all about the town.

As nearly as he could remember, the silver boom which made the camp was in the middle 'eighties, although the first prospector in the Rock Creek district, as it was then called, had gone in about 1864. A good wagon road used to connect Crested Butte, seventeen miles away, with Crystal, although dangerous slide areas had to be crossed in the summer and the road became impassable in winter except on snowshoes. A friend of his had had a close shave on that road—he'd been crossing it on horseback when a rockslide started and his horse jumped just in time to avoid being carried down the mountain. In the early days the camp was called Crystal City and consisted of a cluster of miners' cabins, a post office, a hotel, and a store owned by Al and Fred Johnson. Fred carried the mail on snowshoes in winter from Crested Butte to Crystal, often making the roundtrip in a single day. Al ran the store and, when not too busy, he would slip over to the Butte with his jack train and bring in a new stock of goods.

As we started back toward Marble, Mr. Harris pointed out the Black Queen, the Lead King, and the Black Eagle mines. The Black Queen was still shipping in 1890, and silver ore from it was exhibited at the Chicago World's Fair. But Crystal City, like the other silver camps, faded out with the demonetization of silver in 1893. Of recent years only a few of the old properties have been worked by leasers or by men familiar with their ore deposits.

Harris honked his horn constantly as we climbed the tortuous ledge road out of the canyon, explaining that there was getting to be too much traffic around. Only last week he'd met a truck and had had to back a mile before he could find a place where it could pass him. Too many fishermen were coming into the valley too. He didn't like it. Used to be you'd never see a soul in the hills! By the time we were back in Marble and had said goodbye to Mr. Harris we were exhausted, and before we drove on to Glenwood Springs we curled up under some trees along the Crystal River for a nap, to recuperate from our exhilarating morning.

Some people tell me that they find these old towns depressing, but to me they are open pages of history filled with clues as tantalizing as those found in detective stories. If you like history and have sleuthing instincts, why don't you explore Colorado's mining towns too?

IDEAL

By R. DARGAN THOMSON

Forth from the gold and possible rose
Rushes a delicate strict road
Straight to the mathematic rose.

Force thrusts its impetus on force
While universe seeds universe.
Tangents, beamwise, swing across

From death to dream to actual rose.
Sovereign among eternal clues
Leaps love's implied hypotenuse.

Four poems

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

ALWAYS BEGIN WHERE YOU ARE

Always begin right here where you are
And work out from here:
If adrift, feel the feel of the oar in the oarlock first,
If saddling a horse let your right knee slug
The belly of the horse like an uppercut,
Then cinch his suck,
Then mount and ride away
To any dream deserving the sensible world.

KILDEER

Now do we see those birds that strut the quicksand,
Kildeer crying mesas of light asunder,
Behind the mesas crinkle taffeta mountains,
Behind the mountains deserts lavender,
Behind the deserts, oceans, islands, places,
Cities new and old benumbed to candor.
There are myths, anxieties, hatreds parallel
To the treetops, that's the curious thing about them,
How flat they pack, how tight they clamp the world
Like a crust the tops of sharpest pines can't spike.
There is no pity perpendicular,
One can't see pity or feel it as one might imagine
Pity extending from the center of the earth
To and through and beyond some point of light.

MAKING PURPLE

The tempest lulls the clotting valves
Of antelope to sleep and frozen bulls
Stand upright in the snow
Until one starts to thaw and tumble
Then another tumbles.
The dead fawns in the timber are matted like leaves,
They have neither the color of fawns nor the color of death,
The grass comes green around the matted things,
Under the matted things the grass chokes white,
Panting out this way and that way to breathe the light
The purple loco uses for making purple.

MUST HAVE BEEN SINGING A MANDOLIN TO SLEEP

Sang a thousand miles to my mandolin,
Frets like railroad ties,
Nighthawks striking the midnight hour,
Sunflowers in my eyes.

Get out and get under the candle-light
On the Wabash and we'll row, row, row
Each fish and worm, move over, Charlie,
I'll take a Navajo.

Water, water, wild-flowers
Growing up so high,
You are all young mountains
And you are sure to die.

All except my Mary, Mary
In the good old summer-wagon,
Broke the wheel in a smoky valley,
Ten-foot lodgepole dragging.

See you in Saint Louie, Louie,
Arawana's in the park,
Serenade the monkey maid
In Cheyenne after dark.

Blue Alsatian Mountains, Bluebell,
Ever since we were born,
Give me your hand, say you understand
The cow with the crumpled horn,

For all the desert sands are cold
And I don't know where you are,
And all the gondoliers are dead
And I don't know where you are.

Of imagination all compact

GEORGE F. REYNOLDS

One of the most frequently quoted passages about poetry is Theseus' comment in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (V, 1) after he had heard the strange adventures of the lovers:

I never may believe
These antique fables nor these fairy toys . . .
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact . . .
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The form of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

And another even more decisively disparaging passage is Hotspur's irritated outburst (*I Henry IV*, III, 1),

I'd rather be a kitten and cry mew
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.

Here our most distinguished poet, some people exultantly say, is giving his real opinion on the value of poetry. Of course they are forgetting that he is also a not incompetent dramatist, in these two speeches consistently portraying two men of action, just the sort of men who are likely to look with condescension on the poet's dreams. I suspect he had considerable pleasure in phrasing their opinions so self-revealingly.

He did not pay as much attention to another group of disparagers of poetry—the insistently ethical Puritans. Perhaps he thought that Sidney had sufficiently answered them in his *Defense of Poetry* and that his own Sir Toby's answer to Malvolio, "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" (*Twelfth Night*, II, 3) needed no further emphasis.

But since Shakespeare's day a third group of poetry-doubters

has appeared. Like Theseus they find in poetry only "airy nothing." Only the other day this was brought forcefully to my attention by one of our experimental psychologists—himself a poet, which makes his comment all the more harassing. He dismissed the poetic approach as being too soft, too easy, and as resting only on intuition instead of experiment. He contrasted the difficulty and discouragement of scientific procedure with the pleasure of imaginative creation. The experimenter selects of necessity only some small and definite point to investigate, he performs his experiment with infinite care, then as he nears the end of it his rats may die and his work must begin all over again; or his results may be contradictory and inconclusive; or if he does finally arrive at something, it is after all but one brick for the edifice he is trying to erect. In contrast to all this labor is the apparently slaphappy creation of the poet, perhaps to be sure carefully worked out technically for perfection of structure and diction, but in idea—if indeed it has any tangible idea at all—only an individual recording of a moment of inspiration concerning an individual experience.

Poets, novelists, playwrights will scarcely recognize as true this carefree description of their creative activities, but that is perhaps less important than its implications. It is really a more polite repetition of the old objection that all poets are liars. And not only poets; it questions the validity not only of poetry and other imaginative literature, but also of such biography and history as interprets as well as records, of philosophy and of religion, of indeed all activities which attempt to arrive at the truth about those aspects of life which cannot be measured or observed in controlled situations. My concern here is primarily with poetry broadly interpreted as by Sidney and Shelley—remember Sidney's reiterated "it is not rhyming and versing that maketh a Poet," but "feigning notable images . . . with that delightful teaching"—so novels, plays, poetry, and very often these other forms as well. Sidney's light-hearted defense that a poet is not a liar because he "nothing affirmeth and therefore never lyeth" might score in a debate, but was certainly not too seriously intended by its serious-minded author. Many poets affirm a great deal and are valued because they do. If poetry is

discounted, all the other forms that use the imagination and intuition are cheapened too.

II

Of course literature is not alone in employing the imagination. All the arts, all creative work in engineering, all the sciences in forming their hypotheses—sometimes showing more scope and daring than any poet's—and in devising experiments to test them—all use the imagination. Perhaps the philosophers may be said to do so too in forming their comprehensive intellectual structures—which, it must be admitted, poets seldom dwell in with profit or illustrate with satisfaction. Most striking of all is pure mathematics, which with amazing boldness bases its flights into the abstract on intuition and imagination.

Yet imagination, according to Edwin Muir, British poet and critic, is today increasingly neglected and distrusted in comparison to the exact factual pursuit by which science has so successfully and portentously learned to control physical nature (*The Listener*, May 10, 1951). The need for exercise of the imagination, however, has seldom been clearer than today. Notice, for instance, our failure to put ourselves in other people's places so that we misunderstand and crassly mistrust anybody who differs from us in color, beliefs, or customs—our own minorities and the citizens of other countries with whom we are brought in contact. We cannot imagine why these other peoples suspect, dislike, even ridicule us when we are so amiable and mean so well. Only lack of imagination, also, it would seem, can explain the advocacy by anybody of immediate all-out open war. Europe, which has experienced it, hears with horror our glib war-mongers. And not to prolong this catalog, how but by a complete atrophy of imagination can the attitude be explained of some of us toward the new weapons of destruction. To be sure we cannot and should not live in constant fear of them; it is human nature still to live on the slopes of Aetna and Vesuvius. But an incident reported in an editorial of *The Christian Century* (January 20, 1952) shows something deeper than the numbness of familiarity. In a press conference on December 10, 1951, when Chairman Dean of the Atomic Energy Commission was asked how the hydrogen bomb was coming along, he responded,

"Lovely," and his reply was greeted by laughter, laughter which the editorial branded as "obscene." Only five years ago the atomic scientists warned us as solemnly as they could of the unescapable dangers of atomic warfare—"No solution," they said, "except international control and the elimination of war." Yet today men laugh at the prospect of something much more destructive.

One value of imaginative literature is its power to penetrate such callousness and insensibility. Joseph Conrad stated well his aim as a novelist: "My task . . . is by the power of the written word to make you hear, to make you feel, it is before all, to make you see. That and no more, and it is everything." The cruelty of man to man does seem inexplicable if the cruel really sense what they are doing; can they be anything but children of a larger growth who from lack of experience do not imagine the suffering they are causing? That is a charitable belief, but it must be admitted to be of doubtful validity, though to do so weakens the claims of poetry. In spite of charity and of Conrad, seeing, imaginative understanding, affecting as it is on many people, is not everything. Sometimes it does move us to tolerate, perhaps to pity, even to admire those whom we at first distrust. But sometimes on the contrary we may become only more suspicious, more prejudiced.

At the beginning of this century Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells were conspicuous among writers of plays and novels in trying for progress through increased knowledge and enlightened understanding. All that seemed necessary then was that we should use our imagination to feel and our reason to correct unfavorable conditions and so to solve the problems that confronted society. Then came the first World War with all its aftermath of troubles. Wells finally died despairing of the whole human situation, and Shaw wrote his tragic *Heartbreak House* and ended *St. Joan* by an ironic epilogue, in which the dignitaries honoring St. Joan are dismayed at the mere suggestion of her return to this life, and St. Joan herself bitterly inquires, "O God, that madest this beautiful earth, when will it be ready to receive Thy saints? How long, O Lord, how long?"

The power of prejudice or of deeply felt ideas, ideas even good in themselves, can drive the usually humane to injustice

and persecution. The bigot, the doctrinaire, the utterly sure dogmatist are the most impervious. Literature is powerful; it can subtly undermine resistance that argument only intensifies, but it is often helpless before stubborn self-righteousness and prejudice rooted in fear. Something deeper than understanding is necessary both for individual and social salvation.

III

What that something is becomes clearer as our sense of humanity's tragic situation is more generally recognized. W. H. Auden, in his Christmas oratorio, *For the Time Being*, thus describes our bewildered generation:

Alone, alone, about a dreadful wood
Of conscious evil runs a lost mankind,
Dreading to find its Father lest it find
The Goodness it has dreaded is not good:
Alone, alone, about our dreadful wood.

What we need above all is direction and peace of mind—the phrase itself as a title is said to have made the book a best seller. Poetry can at least provide a momentary peace, and that in these days of turmoil is not to be despised. Keats states this service at the beginning of *Endymion* in a passage which is itself an illustration:

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

A single poem, a single piece of music, does bring a fleeting but restorative peace.

It may also bring a deeper understanding and a more lasting satisfaction. Notice this incident before the second World War as reported in *Theatre Arts* for February, 1943, and reprinted in a University of Colorado leaflet in the same year. It is told by Hans Burger, a theatre director in Prague, who before the war had gone to a little town in Czechoslovakia to talk to an amateur dramatic society made up of coal-miners. They had just given their own dramatization of a de Maupassant story. Some of them had come for miles in the rain to hear him. He found he could

not repeat to such people the stage tricks and anecdotes he had expected to use. Instead, he says,

I got up. I looked at a slim, blonde girl shivering in her wet blouse, and at her twenty-year-old friend who carefully put his leather jacket around her shoulders, and I started in Verona, where a girl of fourteen years had lived, and a boy not much older, two young people who went through all the stages of human joy and human suffering and who died because they found themselves between the millstones of hatred.

Was it really yesterday that Romeo braved the hundred ruses planned for him? For the miners it seemed a story from today's headlines, so burning and new was their interest. It made no difference to them that these men and women spoke a different language, that they wore strange clothes and lived in colorful castles and marble halls. These were human emotions, obstacles created by human weakness, human falsity, stubbornness, character related to theirs, immediately understood and re-lived. The old tragedy was discussed as widely and with as much hot temper as if it had been a question of insufficient precautions in their own mine.

The rain had stopped. The neat whitewashed houses showed few traces of the cloudburst

At the station I saw the thin young man with his frail blonde girl. She held the bicycles while he stepped up to me.

"I just wanted to tell you something. I don't know whether I can really express myself right. But this man Shakespeare, he sure knew about life. I'm a miner, you know. Mirka and I, we've been going together for some time, two years or so. She always says I'm not nice to her, because I don't know how to say things. You know what I mean, things about the two of us. I'm underground all day long and very tired in the evening, as all of us are. And so I don't know how to tell her how I feel about her. And about things in general. I see what's going on around us. I just can't say it because I haven't got the right words. But now I heard this man's story about the two kids, and it was so funny, I — I suddenly knew how to say things, and I told my girl what I thought — it came out very easy. Well, that's what I wanted to tell you" He grinned, shook hands with me, the girl waved her handkerchief, and they whizzed off.

I had forgotten about this almost pointless scene, just as I had forgotten the name of the village after I got out of the train in Prague. — I remembered it again when I read about it in the papers, about the fate of the little village, Lidice

So *Romeo and Juliet*, written over three hundred and fifty years ago, still can bring health and quiet breathing to young

people today. Shakespeare, as the young miner said, knew life, and just by retelling the ancient story and touching it with beauty brought out its significance.

And a similar effect of even more ancient literature was observed recently by one of my colleagues, Professor Francis Wolle, at an army hospital, and described by him in *College English*, May, 1952. He had been invited by a score or so of patients to discuss with them the *Odyssey*, which they had all been reading. But when he got there they were so interested in pointing out how closely Ulysses' wanderings as a returning soldier paralleled their own—with Circe and Calypso and the Sirens, with the black despair of Hades, the land of the dead, and with the struggle back to courage—that it was they who told him the meaning of the poem.

IV

But still the suspicion may remain that what the poet sees is after all only airy nothing, so strong a hold has measurable experiment upon us. In spite of what should be axiomatic, that spiritual things are only spiritually to be discerned and that to demand material measurements of them is as absurd and illogical as any superstition, all that this discussion may so far have achieved is a denser shadow of doubt, darkness made more visible.

One form of doubt is especially insistent—a suspicion of absolutes in ethics and morals. But here the poet is especially useful. He is not usually striving, as the scientist and the philosopher always are, for generalizations. They want to discover in what respects people, human situations, are alike, so that they can describe them succinctly in one comprehensive statement. They disregard as irrelevant individual differences.

But it is just those differences that especially interest the novelist and the playwright. "Generalization," says Macaulay, "is necessary to the advancement of knowledge; but particularity is indispensable to the creations of the imagination." Very seldom, except in allegory—which is the nearest among poetic forms to generalization and to most modern readers the stupidest—does poetry deal with generalized characters. The characters of poetry may in Whitman's phrase "contain multitudes," their

experiences may suggest innumerable overtones and implications, but what most impresses us is the individualized characters themselves—Hamlet and Ophelia; Sir Willoughby Patterne and Clara Middleton; Anselmo, Robert Jordan, and Maria; Willy Loman and Biff; even—to go to admittedly more typical characters—Oedipus, Jocasta, and Tiresias, Tartuffe the hypocrite, and Harpagon the miser, each shown in very precisely defined situations. The experimental psychologist assumes rats—and men—to have certain common characteristics which they will exhibit in similar circumstances. How far these assumptions are sound is disputed: Miss Howard's *Birds as Individuals* dismisses them for birds, reputedly more creatures of instinct than rats; and shepherds say each sheep has a different individuality. In any case the novelist seldom makes general statements about people. He says usually only that such and such a man behaved thus and so in such and such circumstances. Precisely such a man will never be seen again and certainly not in precisely the same situation. Any general conclusion to be drawn must therefore be conditioned by these limitations.

Have so limited conclusions any value? That depends first of all on the insight and honesty of the observer. Of course not all intuitions are sound, nor all imaginative creations significant—may not the same be said of some experiments? In the tangled skein of life as it is lived, the discerning poet calls attention to this and that thread as showing a significant pattern. It may be a pleasing pattern or a disagreeable one—that is not what matters. The story of *Oedipus* is as hideous as any in literature, but the satisfaction it gives has been an actual fact in men's experience for centuries. We do not need to defend Sophocles from the charge of being a liar by saying he does not pretend to tell the truth, or that he really says nothing. He does positively say a great deal: taking the old myth he recreates it in significantly human terms. Its meaning is certainly not comprehended in the commonplaceness of the final chorus, "Call no man happy till he is dead." A whole series of experiments may be summed up in a single descriptive sentence or a simple formula. But *Oedipus*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*—all important novels and plays—are truly stated only in their whole artistic unity. "Tomorrow and to-

morrow and tomorrow" is as important in the meaning of *Macbeth* as the murder of Duncan. Moreover these plays suggest almost as many generalizations as any philosopher, but each conditioned and modified by the particular circumstances of the basic story.

And that of course is true of life, especially as concerns its most important aspects: Love, Friendship, Ambition, Envy, Hatred—through all the categories. History too, we are told, never repeats itself. And it is interesting to notice how the popular wisdom of the proverb recognizes this fact, more, for instance, than do moral axioms and legal codes. "Circumstances alter cases," says the old saying; "Nothing venture, nothing have," but also "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Thus folklore preserves a juster balance than legality, and so does imaginative literature. Esme Wingfield-Stratford says of the later nineteenth century, "The only serious work in elucidating mental problems was accomplished not by the scientists, but by seers of character like George Meredith and Thomas Hardy. There is probably more to be learnt from *The Egoist* than from all the textbooks and treatises on psychology that were published during the Queen's reign, and have now ceased even to bore" (*The History of British Civilization*, 1930, p. 1139). This is a statement by an historian, not an avowed defender of the arts, but may be too sweeping; surely it is not necessary or desirable to disparage the results of scientific investigation. I am concerned only in pointing out that the intuitive and imaginative approach of the poet performs valuable services too; returning to Mr. Auden's figure of the dreadful wood in which humanity is lost, we may truthfully say that literature which time has proved to be of permanent value in its revealing presentation of individual situations illumines many others.

Because the poet is portraying special individuals in special circumstances he can, he almost must, present a definite point of view toward them. He may show his affection for them or his scorn or his pity. Even if he tries to be as objective as a biologist looking at bacteria through a microscope, adopting Zola's ideal for a novelist, Zola's own accomplishment shows the impossi-

bility of it. His very selection of incidents cannot fail to reveal a scale of values. He may phrase no express opinion, but he cannot avoid suggestion. Philosophers may adopt an exalted aloofness, scientists may refuse to pass value judgments, but nobody can seriously portray individual human beings as if they were mere sticks and stones.

And this is all to the good. One weakness in contemporary education in the humanities has been its ideal and practice of scientific objectivity. This belongs certainly to science but as certainly not to the humanities. Any social group depends for its continued existence on its observance of certain ideals, principles, institutions, customs. Unless its system of education inculcates successfully these ideals and principles in its young people it must inevitably grow weak and ineffective. That apparently is what has happened to us. The teachers of the humanities have thought it their duty to present every view of art, of personality, of morals, of the universe, no matter how disintegrating, and to do so as impartially as possible, leaving the student to decide for himself what he would accept. That is carrying tolerance to an absurdity. Even the scientists are scarcely tolerant of what they consider quack science—witness their rejection of Lysenko's biology. It is of course the business of education to inform its students of all significant ideas, but it is also its business to make, in Arnold's phrase, wisdom and the will of God prevail, and to come to some decision as best it can on what wisdom and the will of God is.

But it will not make it prevail by dogmatic instruction, which is the most effective way of provoking opposition, such is American human nature, at least among the thinking young. It is at this point that imaginative literature becomes uniquely useful. It convinces not by domineering but by suggestion, not by argument which provokes answers, but by art which wins through sympathy. Charles Malik, Minister of the Republic of Lebanon to the United States of America, challenges the people of the West "to bring forth their own faith—what they believe in, what they stand for, what they are after, what they live by." One answer is to be found in our literature: in Franklin, in Emerson, in Lincoln, and I add with confidence, E. B. White; in

Longfellow, in Whittier, in Lowell, in Robert Frost, in Carl Sandburg, in Vachel Lindsay, in Stephen Benet; in the autobiographies of Bok, of Riis, of Mary Antin, not forgetting Franklin's or such recent biographies as Herbert Dow's; in *Huckleberry Finn*, in *Little Women*, in *Our Town*. Do some of these seem too easily optimistic, the older ones savoring too much of those naive days before the closing of the frontier ended the chances of free land for everybody, the thwarting of the idealism of the first World War bred disillusionment, and the grimness of the depression substituted a search for security instead of adventure? Our contemporary literature seems perhaps hardly to confirm our traditional beliefs, but viewed properly as protest, does so forcefully, so to speak, in reverse. It is just because Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis and Steinbeck hold so strongly to American ideas that they react so effectively to betrayals of them. Less astringently, so did our popular humorists, "Mr. Dooley," Will Rogers, and Ring Lardner, not to mention Mark Twain, acid enough in his blacker moments to satisfy our most hostile critics. No one author or novel completely represents the United States. After all it takes Dickens and Thackeray and Eliot and Trollope and Meredith to give an approximate coverage of what seems to us the much simpler Victorian society. Because of the size of the United States, its varied cultural strains and regional backgrounds, and the breath-taking speed of its development, it is not completely portrayed yet. But clear-cut teaching of the literature we have, can show without argument or dogmatism what America really stands for and believes in, and can win for it the enthusiasm and the devotion it demands.

V

The democratic way of life to which we are committed and for which we are contending is basically dependent on the quality of the individuals who live it—in Whitman's phrase, "underneath all, individuals." Totalitarian states neither desire nor need strong individuals, but only ciphers, pawns, identical not merely twins but multitudes, who will react always alike, vote enthusiastically in elections in which there is but one candidate, and shout prescribed slogans with unanimous ardor. The peculiar

value of an enlightened democracy lies in the diversity it permits and encourages; it is this which can justify its admitted confusion, waste, and inefficiency. Today, however, this diversity is threatened not only by external forces, but also by the tremendous pressures on us all toward uniformity—mass advertising, mass entertainment, mass opinion, and under the stress of national danger, mass suspicion. In spite of Joyce Cary's contention (*Harper's Magazine*, March, 1952) that the mass mind is a delusion, these pressures toward it are undeniable. Once we were thought of as a country of individualists, and it seems to me that I myself remember more strongly marked characters from my young manhood than I meet today. Now we are suspected in Europe as robot representatives of a Coca-Cola culture.

From this pressure toward uniformity books offer an easily accessible escape. Of course we can succumb to the attractions of the book clubs and the melodramatic drug-store displays of pocket editions—and both do offer admirable choices, the latter in spite of their livid cover-ladies—but there are enough other books old and new, in the bookshops, in the public and private libraries, to stimulate tastes and opinions however various. In our reading at least we are not compelled to follow the crowd. And if we are in doubt what to read there is always Shakespeare—his is a gallery of individuals, various, vital, sharply personal though “containing multitudes”—and there are the characters of the Bible stories, Orientals of long-passed centuries, but still intensely and vividly alive, and from fascinating backgrounds instructively different from our mechanized urban life. And then there is also for us in English an outstanding array of novelists and poets such as no other language affords in such variety. If with this possible literary diet in our own tongue we become stuffy and standardized, the fault is surely not in our times but in ourselves.

VI

Still we have hardly faced the basic cause of our disillusionment and unrest. Auden goes back to the church's long-held identification of it as humanity's selfishness and greed:

All answers expire in the clutch of [man's] questioning hand,
His singular emphasis frustrates all possible order;
Alas, his genius is only for envy.

This rock, on which so many noble projects of reform have been wrecked, is not to be removed by political machinery or programs of social betterment. It is a personal matter for each individual, and because this is so, literature is peculiarly applicable. For literature, like religion, is effective on each person by himself. Its appeal is not only to his reason but to his imagination and his emotions. I am not suggesting that humanity can be freed from greed and selfishness by reading a noble poem every morning before it goes to work. But I do assert that literature is one of the strongest influences in giving significance to the symbols for which men have been and are willing to die: the torch of free learning, the ring of personal affection, the flag of one's country, the crescent, the star, the cross of religion, all the ideals of heroism. Today the issue is clearly drawn between this richness of humanism and this poverty of a view of life which dismisses all spiritual values—not a humanism which sentimentalizes man as an angelic being, thwarted only by envioning circumstances, but which, recognizing his tremendous possibilities for either meanness or nobility, bases its upward strivings on a devotion to something greater than itself. Only such service brings lasting peace of mind and inward quietness. Spiritual, material—I know the words are blurred by dull usage and distasteful associations—but the distinction remains a real one to designate those interests and powers concerned with other than the tangible. Truth, Beauty, Goodness—ancient labels for the aims of spiritual striving—have admittedly and for that matter inevitably meant different things to different persons and in different centuries. But that striving has come continuously from the same motive, and the unpardonable and damning sin is to deny to that striving validity. In present student speech I am told that anybody who urges such considerations is a jerk—presumably a fool or a hypocrite or both, but it is better to be even a jerk with aspirations than blind and a clod. When these values have been believed in, men have made their greatest achievements. When these values are doubted, life seems stale and un-

profitable, as it does today to many young people fed on the husks of a superficial reality, a Waste Land dwelt in only by hollow men. Human experience should count for something even with the most insistent advocate of experiment. J. Donald Adams (*New York Times*, February 3, 1952) quotes Albert Schweitzer as saying, "Either you deny life or you affirm it," and continues "... there can be no doubt which attitude holds within it the fuller promise for the future." And G. N. M. Tyler sums up his own argument in *Man the Maker*: "The conceptions of the nature of man and of the universe which are prevalent today are to a considerable extent due to *caused* thinking." We may continue to live, he says, in a special world to which we have by our own choice limited ourselves, or we may choose to become aware that "around us lies reality—around us and within—and the only gateway to it is intuition or direct awareness through the enhancement of consciousness."

Enhancement of consciousness—that is surely a fairer designation of the accomplishments of the poet than Theseus' "airy nothing" or Hotspur's "mewing of the ballad-mongers." Enhancement of consciousness is one of our greatest needs today. Where there is no vision the people perish, said the ancient wise man. Imaginative literature is one effective expression of that vision. Because literature takes account of the specific individual in his specific circumstances and because it works in and through him, it is an efficient instrument in bringing that vision into actuality.

King Midas in reverse

JESSAMYN WEST

The season's name in almanacs and on calendars was spring. Actually, since the month was April and the locale Southern California, it was far nearer summer. The sun blazed, fledglings flew, roses bloomed. But there was, too, what for Southern California was an indication of a lingering spring: grass, green grass. There had been late rains and the yellow look had not yet come to the foothills and the grass in the Delehanty back yard was still February fresh. Now in late afternoon each bent blade carried on its hump a drop of water left over from the midday shower. The low sun slanting through these drops gave them jewel colors, and Crescent Delehanty, walking toward the house, put her feet down carefully.

She was fourteen years old and oppressed by the brevity of life, the fugaciousness of spring, and the evanescence of raindrops. Even words like "evanescent" and "fugacious" could set up, by their suggestive syllables, delicious tremors of sorrow in her heart. Ending, ending, everything is ending, she thought. In spite of her care, raindrops like emeralds and diamonds went flying down to nothing as she walked. She was even sorrowful about the box of tin cans she had just taken to the stack behind the barn. She had put them down with benedictory thoughts: finished and done with! Gone from the orderly kitchen shelves and its bright lights into the cold earth.

There were tears in her eyes as she walked through the grass. She had more feelings than she knew what to do with, more emotions than her tranquil life permitted her to discharge. She had to invent sorrows and concoct dramas. She would stoop down to rejoice with a daffodil that had pushed a stone aside in its upward thrust, or loosen butterflies from spider webs with wailings that brought her no sympathy from any onlooker. As if she cared for sympathy. She was capable emotionally of a woman's tragedies, and up to now she had been unable to over-

take any of these. Now, however, she loved and was not loved in return. No one, not even Calvin Dean, knew anything of this; though she could not believe it would matter if he did. That was a part of his appeal: his indifference. He didn't know Crescent Delehanty existed. Why should he?

With rubies and emeralds and diamonds transformed by her feet into simple raindrops and the raindrops themselves shattered into the shapelessness of moisture she thought, I'm King Midas in reverse. I change jewels to water. I can touch gold and make it into a base metal, lead or tin. She stood ankle-deep in the diamonds and rubies she had yet to ruin, and figured what her name was. King Midas in reverse was Sadim. I am King Sadim, she told herself, and the jewels I touch are water and the gold I touch is dust and the people I love hate me.

With these thoughts, she went into the kitchen, which was warm and fragrant with the tamale pie her mother was making. Her mother was at the sink shaking olives from a bottle. Cress watched her for a second or two, then said, "I am King Sadim."

Her mother did not turn around, but she asked in a cheerful voice, "Who's King Sadim, dear?"

"King Midas had a brother and Sadim was his name," Cress said, the relationship coming to her as she spoke.

"I never heard of him," Mrs. Delehanty replied. "I didn't know King Midas had a brother."

"This brother was not popular. He was King Midas in reverse. Everything he touched turned into dust. It may be bad to have everything you touch turn to gold—but it's a lot better than having everything you touch turn to dust. Nobody liked King Sadim and everybody tried to forget him. I may be the only person in the world who remembers him."

Her mother, who had the olives out of the bottle now, began to stir them into her pie. She looked up from her stirring at this bit of unknown mythology with amused interest. Cress regarded her mother dispassionately. The rain, and the steam in the kitchen had made her new permanent too frizzy. There was a big splash of corn-meal mush across her apron. Her lipstick formed a dot at each corner of her mouth. She was smiling quite happily. Happy, Cress thought, on a spring evening of unutter-

able beauty, with nothing better to do than make a tamale pie. A pie that will be eaten tonight and forgotten tomorrow.

"Oh, Mother," she cried. "Poor, poor Mother." She dug an olive out of the pie and put it into her mouth. Under her closed lids she felt the happy smart of tears saying, You are alive and suffering. She took the olive seed from her mouth and pushed it deep into the well-watered soil about one of the African violet plants which her mother kept in pots along the window sill over the sink.

"What are you doing, Cress?" her mother asked.

"Giving it one more chance," Cress whispered, patting the soil in tenderly over the buried seed.

"Giving what one more chance?"

"The olive seed. It had given up. Into the bottle, into the pie, into my mouth. Like Jonah. Then when it thought all was over I spat it up. Rescue. Escape. It will be a tree again."

"It never was a tree, Cress. Any more than an egg ever was a chicken."

"It is an embryonic tree, Mother. It has leaves and limbs locked in its heart." All those surprising *l's*. They brought tears to her eyes, too.

"Leave them locked," Mrs. Delehanty said unfeelingly. "I don't want leaves and limbs in my kitchen. I want African violets."

"O.K.," Cress said, "if that's the way you feel about it." She began disinterring the seed. "The choice is yours. Life or Death. You choose Death." She opened the window over the sink and flung the olive pit out into the April twilight. "Die," she bade it in a tragic voice. "Cease to be. It is my mother's wish."

Her mother slid the tamale pie into the oven. "How much death do you think there is in that tamale pie, Mother?" Cress asked.

Her mother looked startled and Cress said, "One cow at the very least. Two maybe."

"Cress," her mother said, "you have a bad case of spring fever. You need some vitamins or minerals or something."

Death in the world, spring passing, love never coming, and vitamins were recommended.

"Do you *know* it's spring?" Cress asked. "That this is a day that will never again be upon this earth? Never, never, never? And that it's the last day on earth a lot of people will ever see? There," she said, pointing to the fragment of pale sun still visible through the darkening leaves of the eucalyptus tree, "that sun is going down forever for someone at this very minute."

Something came into her mother's face, agreement, she was afraid. And she couldn't bear agreement or understanding just now. What she longed for was sorrow and contention, lasting disorder and sudden death. She ran out of the kitchen, slamming the door behind her. In her own room she flung herself onto the chair in front of her bamboo desk, put her arms on the open lid of the desk and her face on her arms. "Oh, Calvin," she whispered. Then, very daringly, "My darling"; the word made a pulse beat on her cheekbone.

She reached out a hand and began to pat the frayed straw matting with which her desk was covered. The desk was her dearest possession. She had bought it from the Second Hand Furniture Mart with \$11.98 of her own money. It had come to the Furniture Mart from a beach cottage, and it still smelled of sea-weed and salt water, with an occasional whiff of Djer Kiss and grunnon. Its stork-thin legs were stained and wobbly. It was everywhere lightly pocked with what appeared to be old buckshot wounds but were actually worm holes. She liked it that way. She would not have cared for unscarred varnish fresh from a furniture factory. "Oh, desk," she said. She felt it was her real home. Once when she was a child, she had had for her real home for over a year the piano box in which their new piano had come and which had stood out behind the barn. She slept in the house, of course, and ate there—but as a boarder, as a matter of convenience. Her real home was the piano box. She had sat curled in it, rain falling like a beaded curtain across its opening, and speculated about the people who lived up at the Delehanty house. What kind of people were they? Did they have any children? She would have to call on them some day and find out.

She couldn't get into her desk, of course, as she had the piano box, but it was in the same way her home. She sat up now, so

vigorously the desk rocked, and took from one of its pigeonholes a fold of adding-machine paper given her by the manager of the Piggly Wiggly store. She unfolded the long strip of paper, looked over what was already written there, picked up her pen and began where she had left off: "39. I love Calvin Dean. 40. I love Calvin Dean. 41. I love Calvin Dean." When she had written "I love Calvin Dean" one hundred times she intended to fold the paper to the size of a postage stamp and put it in the little chamois bag her mother had once used to carry her rings in. Then she would hang this bag around her neck, on a ribbon of the right length to keep the words exactly over her heart. She would wear it night and day, in water or out (wrapped in oiled paper and held in her mouth on these occasions). She would never be parted from it; she would stand in Calvin Dean's presence, every thud of her heart lifting the words "I love Calvin Dean," written one hundred times over, a fraction of an inch nearer him. Surely he would feel it, surely it would influence him.

She paused at "56. I love Calvin Dean," to think about him. He was eighteen years old, a big ruddy boy, blonde-haired and supple. She thought he probably looked like Charlemagne; and like Charlemagne he seemed born to command. He was the head of everything at school that had a head from Captain of the football team to President of the Debating Club.

Because of Calvin, she had suffered agonies of shyness and hard work to win a place on the debating team. She was now first substitute, and should any misfortune ever overtake Connie Bielefeldt, Calvin's partner, she herself would have to debate with Calvin, a possibility so overwhelming she tried not to think of it. Her try-out speech on the negative side of socialized medicine had been against her conscience, but since every word of it had been the truest cry of her heart, "Calvin, see me, Calvin, hear me," it had not been really hypocritical. And Calvin had seen and heard. And momentarily, and partially anyway, he had approved, for he had voted for her as first substitute.

Making the debating team had put her nearer Calvin, but this nearness had made her no more happy. His presence was too overwhelming. When the Debating Club met and Calvin

presided, she would fix her eyes on the picture of Longfellow which hung at the front of the room, to keep from staring at Calvin. At the end of the meeting her eyes would be so tired from this enforced exploration of the curlicues in Longfellow's whiskers that she would have to go to the girl's rest room to bathe them. Once in the middle of a meeting Calvin had stopped the proceedings to address her directly. "Would you mind telling us," he had asked, "what you see in that picture, anyway?"

"Me?" she had whispered, nudged by a neighbor from her cultivated inattention.

Calvin had turned his back on the Debating Club to gaze up at Longfellow. Facing Cress again, he had said, "I don't see the likeness myself."

"Oh, no," Cress had explained as the laughter quieted, "I don't mean I see me in the picture." And too shaken for anything but the most literal truth, she said, "What I mean is I don't see you."

Calvin had given her, at this, his long cold debater's stare with which he was wont to impress judges and paralyze opponents. "Delehanty," he said, practicing his university manner, "are you crazy?"

From too shy she had gone to too bold. The desk under her arms shook as she remembered what she had said. Determined to say something and unable to think of anything but synonyms for "crazy," she had rolled them all off: "Crazy," she had agreed, "demented, mad, irresponsible, tetched, nuts, moonstruck, bats-in-my-belfry, off my trolley, lunatic . . ."

If Calvin had not interrupted her, she might have gone on indefinitely. "In a word," he had said, "crazy."

That had been his last word to her: "Crazy." She picked up her pen and wrote, to forget it, "57. I love Calvin Dean. 58. I love Calvin Dean."

At "59. I love . . .," her mother, without a knock or a whistle, came into the room. "Studying, Cress?" she asked.

"No," Cress answered. She didn't put away or try to hide her Piggly Wiggly strip of paper. In a way she did not understand, she wished her mother would pick it up, read it, and ask,

"What's the meaning of all this 'I love Calvin Dean,' Cress?" Then she would answer, tell her everything, say, "The meaning is, I love Calvin Dean and he doesn't know I exist, except to think I'm crazy." It would be an excuse, if her mother picked it up, to tell her everything, of all the miseries of her life. How sad it was to die and to be a debater and to love the most outstanding boy in school and to destroy emeralds and diamonds. Tell her and ask her, "What's the matter with me? Why am I so sad and miserable. Why do I turn things into dust?"

But her mother very honorably averted her eyes from the list and asked, diffidently, "I don't suppose you'd want to ride into town with us, would you?"

There was a time—could it be only last fall—when she would have been the first one out in the car at that invitation. But it was a dream-like time, vanished, remembered like a dream. "No," she said. "Thanks just the same, but I guess not."

Her mother lingered. Finally she said, "If your mind's made up I won't urge. Keep your eye on the tamale pie, will you?" Then, as if she had perhaps been too quick to accept Cress' refusal, she turned back from the door. "Oh, come on, Cress. It's a beautiful evening. We're just going in and back. Your father has to pick up something from the garage for the tractor. We won't be gone a minute. The tamale pie can take care of itself. Come on."

"No," Cress said, "I guess not."

"You used to love trips to town."

"I know I did."

"But not now?"

"Not tonight."

"Want us to bring you anything?"

"There's nothing I want you can buy."

"O.K.," her mother said. "Goodbye, then. We're going as soon as your father washes up."

When the door closed she began her writing again. "59. I love Calvin Dean. 60. I love Calvin Dean. 61. I love Calvin Dean." Her pen, as she remembered momentarily those trips to town, faltered. There was first of all the pleasure of the change from the quiet of the ranch to the movement and noise of the

city. After a week at the ranch, storekeepers, carrying in at closing time the baskets of yams and cabbages from the sidewalk, seemed exciting. They would bulge out their white-aproned stomachs to form a shelf on which to rest a lug of tomatoes. They would call out to passers-by: "Haven't seen you for a coon's age," or "How's tricks?" They would take, weighed down with what they were carrying, short housewifely steps, and the pencils behind their ears would tremble a little.

She remembered the library, empty usually at this time of everyone but herself, the librarian, and two old men reading papers, the four of them sealed away from the world among the books, a spell of silence put upon them forever. She remembered the hollow engulfed cathedral echo of the six-o'clock chimes from the Presbyterian Church as it was absorbed and deadened by the rows of books.

She remembered the trip home from town, the library books on the back seat (among them perhaps the best book of her life). She remembered the hot buttered popcorn which the three of them ate while they speculated about the people, fragments of whose lives were revealed to them through their lighted windows. Remembering all these pleasures, they did not, after all, seem past. They *were* pleasure and they were hers right now for the taking.

She ran out of her room, down the hall, and through the dining room, crying, "I've changed my mind." The car was just backing out of the driveway, and she ran on to the side porch, shouting, "Wait for me. I've changed my mind." But she was too late. They didn't hear her. The car rolled smoothly away without a sign from either of them. They were laughing and talking with not the least memory, it appeared, of her. No one looking at them would guess that they were driving off, leaving their only child alone while they went merry-making.

She went back into the empty house, into her empty room, and there without bothering to sit down, picked up her pen and wrote "62. I love Calvin Dean."

It was the craziest nonsense. What was she doing standing at her bamboo desk writing "I love you" one hundred times to a boy who didn't know she existed? Slowly she crumpled the

Piggly Wiggly strip and dropped it into the wastepaper basket. She was suddenly alone not only in the house, but in the world. "I am alone in the world," she said, and the words had a terrible ring of truth which she had never intended.

BLACK

By R. DARGAN THOMSON

Black for the stallion's eye,
The wound within the wound,
Man's love alarmed by pride,
Cults, tyrannies, harmed blood.

Black is the name of war,
The mouths of the shouting poor,
Humanity and its price:
The absolute eyes of Christ.

The great big western clouds

ALBERT N. WILLIAMS

There are miracles afoot in the West. After experimenting for at least six thousand years, and quite possibly much longer, man has at last unbuttoned the secret of drawing rain down from the great clouds which float in the heavens above his head.

Since the very dawn of recorded history, as is far too well known to be more than mentioned, man has eyed the skies with an almost unholy greed. The magnificent civilization which saw the sciences of writing, arithmetic, and law come into being, at last collapsed because of the tragic and (then) inexplicable failure of the Babylonian and Sumerian priests to command the rain gods to their appointed duties over the dusty valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers. Three thousand years later the gentle society of the Cliff Dwellers in our own Southwest passed into oblivion for the same reason. In those three millenia man's magic had been nothing more than a series of spectacular failures.

But it is no longer so. Today the art of climate-control, as it is tentatively called by one California engineering firm, appears to rest upon the deep foundations of sure and sound mechanical principles, and the only technical problems facing these latter-day miracle mongers are those of refinement.

But rainmaking, even in the scientific form which it now enjoys, has a natural history well worth review as a description of the desperation which has characterized economic planning in western America since the very first pioneer days of the past century.

In the time of our grandfathers, this calling enjoyed the sonorous name of "pluviculture," and it was practiced mostly by a small fraternity of journeymen fakers who confined themselves largely to the Kansas-Nebraska Grange country. The reason for the concentration of these magicians in that area can be laid to a program of almost criminal mendacity practiced by the rail-

road companies. Attempting to build up the areas which the newly laid rails would serve, high-pressure promoters employed by these corporations converged by the battalion upon the crowded and troubled eastern cities, there to hawk the mythical wonders of the Great Plains. These schemers carried with them artists' loving conceptions of farming in that dry and dusty region: gorgeously colored prints of apple-cheeked farmers proudly standing beside twenty-foot corn stalks, hundred-pound "squishe" (or whatever plural will best suit "squash"), melons which would snap a man's back in the picking, and other agricultural wonders.

When the normally cautious New Englander would suggest that he had heard from travelers that the Plains were as dry as a bishop's cupboard, he would be told one of two engaging fictions—that the very act of plowing up the unbroken sod made the rains fall or that there was a strange natural phenomenon taking place, a moving "Rain Belt." This *belt* was purported to be crossing the nation from west to east at the rate of some twenty miles per year and was at that very time hovering discreetly over the Kansas-Colorado border. The canny investor, these swindlers would insinuate, would do well to put himself in hock for as many parched acres as he could swing, after which he had only a short wait until the *belt* should arrive, upon which occasion he could subdivide and sell to less foresighted individuals at fat and un-Christian profits.

Unfortunately, a great many people believed these land sharpers, and hundreds of thousands of dollars were invested in the dry and high western prairies before the sad truth was learned—that the winds which blew in only two categories (hard and harder) were dry and empty gales, their moisture drained completely out as they passed over the high Rockies on their way in from the Pacific. It was little wonder that our good ancestors turned to rainmaking as to the Second Coming.

The most firmly rooted early theory of pluviculture was that explosions caused the clouds to split apart and pour down their contents. This idea, which still prevails in many quarters, was popularized by an engineer named Edward Powers. Writing, in 1870, a book called *War and Weather*, he advanced the thesis

that cannon fire had always brought on a thunderstorm, and to bolster his beliefs he carefully tabulated the world's great battles, showing in almost every instance that they were accompanied by mud.

Powers' theory of rainstorms became a classic overnight, with every Civil War veteran out-remembering his buddies in the matter of how hard it had rained at the height of certain battles. The non-military individual was usually able to counter those tales with recollections of particularly moist Fourth of July, occasioned, presumably, by the fireworks and cannon salutes. So much attention was focused on this "Concussion Theory" that Senator Farwell of Illinois, acting at the behest of farming constituents, proposed a bill in 1891 which would give the Department of Agriculture funds with which to conduct formal experiments into the matter. A patent attorney named Dryhenforth, later more commonly known as "The General," was chosen to engage in this research and was given a total of \$17,000 with which to operate.

The General's contrivance was somewhat in the Major Hoople tradition, consisting of a two-mile-long apparatus made up of three firing lines: one on the ground, one a series of kites, and, above them, a line of balloons. The ground line was a series of dynamite charges to be exploded at intervals by electricity. The kite line consisted of dynamite cartridges to be set off by electric charges transmitted through copper wire wound around the kite strings. The balloons, floating several hundred feet above these, were to be filled with explosive gas and detonated by a similar system of copper wires.

Dryhenforth labored diligently to get his kites flying at the proper altitudes and in formation, but in almost every case the strings tangled not only with each other but with the balloon lines, and when the explosions were touched off it was anybody's guess what would happen because of the large number of short circuits. The experiment, which was carried out in Texas, was loud and exhilarating, if unsuccessful. The scientist was thereafter known as Dryhenceforth.

During all this period, when the more daring among civic-minded individuals were touching off old Civil War cannon and

toasting dynamite from hilltops, a much more scientific approach came into being. Pluviculture evolved slowly from a mechanical science to a chemical hocus, and throughout the parched prairie villages "Doctors of Rainmaking" began to ply their trade. These ponderous scoundrels, lineal descendants of the Seneca Oil Healers, customarily made their arrivals in gaudy circus wagons. Emblazoned on the sides of these caravansaries were strange words in glowing letters, purporting to be the names of recently developed secret chemicals. For a fee these charlatans would set up shop in town parks and stew their odious mixtures of sulphur, potash, and assorted "magic" ingredients, pursuing the increasingly popular theory that the acrid and evil smoke from these displays would set up a chemical reaction in the clouds and cause them to spill their moisture, possibly in self-defense.

One of the most famous of the chemical wizards who practiced this esoteric art was "Hatfield the Rainmaker," who amassed a sizable fortune in California between 1900 and 1925. Hatfield's operation did not include the burning of chemicals, which made the show ever so much more spectacular, but a mixing of them in evaporating chambers which were placed in the open air where the invisible fumes from the addled ingredients could ascend to the clouds and "overturn the atmosphere."

Regardless of what we may think of Hatfield today, he was eminently successful. Time and again he was able to bring down four and five inches of precipitation in a continuous shower, and in one never-to-be-forgotten instance he milked sixteen inches of rain out of the skies over San Diego, flooding the city and wrecking the entire watershed.

An earlier, and in the Midwest an even more famous, practitioner of this mystic science was Clayton B. Jewell, who billed himself as "The Rain Wizard." Jewell in civil life was an employee of the Rock Island Railroad, living in western Kansas. For many months he experimented in his own woodshed, seeking to discover the successful chemical formula. At last he decided that he had come upon it, and appealed to his employers for financial assistance. He must have impressed them with sufficient evidence of his abilities, for they bought him several hundred dollars worth of pharmaceuticals and gave him a rebuilt

boxcar from which to operate, shunting the rolling laboratory up and down the western Kansas branch of the Rock Island as he directed. In town after town he managed to bring rain in various but altogether satisfactory amounts, and might even have made himself internationally known at the World's Fair in Chicago had the officials of that gaudy bazaar not forbidden him to try lest he drench the paying customers.

Jewell's theory, once it was stripped of its obfuscating double-talk, was that certain gases, when electrically charged, would chill the upper air and cause condensation of the water vapor in the clouds. His machinery consisted of electrical generators and huge boilers, the chemicals being cooked in the tanks and the resulting gas being passed over charged wires before being released. He never disclosed the precise nature of the odious brew which he concocted in his private boxcar, but in practically every case where a rainmaker's secret was discovered, sulphur was found to be among the important components.

For these soggy virtuositities, Hatfield, Jewell, and the other hundred or so rainmakers received payments ranging from as low as ten cents per acre watered to flat fees of several thousand dollars. They charged what they thought the traffic would bear, and naturally found their fruitiest contracts in rich metropolitan districts. Also, the value of their services increased as drouth deepened and to a certain extent according to the speed with which they were able to produce moisture. Hatfield usually worked on a basis of thirty days in which to bring water, although more adventurous wizards would occasionally gamble on bringing rain in as short a time as twenty-four hours. In every case the contracts read: No Rain, No Pay.

The secret of the success of these fakers narrowed inevitably to one fact: regardless of what chemicals were employed or how sincerely they believed their own powers, those pluviculturists who prospered were deep and serious students of weather forecasts. *Hicks Almanac*, a St. Louis publication of the period, traditionally carried extensive weather information, and it was an unwise expert who accepted a contract without a deep study of that publication. Thus Jewell would move his boxcar up and down the Rock Island only when rain was normally to be ex-

pected in certain areas, not announcing his wonders until the cards were as completely as possible stacked in his favor.

The art of rainmaking entered a decline on the Great Plains soon after the turn of the century, mostly because of the growth of irrigation. It had taken the good settlers of that arid region a generation to realize that they lived in a section of subnormal rainfall and high evaporation, and that the only proper and certain way to farm was by ditching from the network of rivers and streams which make up the Missouri system, the Arkansas, and the various Texas rivers. Slowly they began the construction of that great grid of artificial waterways which have since turned the West from a semi-desert into a vast out-of-doors food factory. Since 1900 some two billion dollars has been spent in the pursuit of irrigation facilities, with a resultant 21,000,000 acres of land brought under the ditch.

Irrigation, though, for all the vast benefits it has brought to the nation, depends again upon rainfall. Practically all such projects operate from storage dams placed in a river or stream, and these structures range in size all the way from the Grand Coulee, which contains enough concrete to pave the state of Texas with a one-inch slab, down to little four-foot-high earthen dams across mountain streams. And those dams can only hold the water which flows down the streams and rivers behind them. Today, with more intensified farming in the lower valleys beginning to strain our irrigation resources, we are back at rainmaking with a scientific vengeance.

The problem of milking the clouds, as our present-day rainmakers call it, is a simple one on paper. Rain is caused, as every schoolboy knows, by the upper air being cooled to such a point that its capacity to hold water vapor is so sufficiently lessened that its moisture condenses into droplets which fall.

Given a normally moist cloud, our experts have taken the tack that it should be possible to induce rain by cooling the air through "seeding" the cloud with dry-ice pellets. What takes place in the heavens is this: when clouds rise to certain heights they become cooled below the freezing point, but the moisture remains supercooled, which is to say, it does not form into ice although the temperature is below freezing. What is needed is

a trigger, a little extra nudge, so to speak, which a few dry-ice pellets can provide. From this nudge a few snowflakes form, after which a sort of chain reaction spreads through the whole cloud, the first flakes triggering more flakes, and so on until the whole cloud has dumped its cargo. The snow, of course, turns to rain as it falls, but even if it does not, the same amount of water reaches the ground.

Playing with this phenomenon, weather scientists on top of Mount Wilson have a little game wherein they hold a small particle of dry ice into the wind which blows across the peak. Downwind from the chemical a long plume of snow usually blows as the supercooled moisture in the cloud is triggered. The big problem with this sort of rainmaking is that too much dry ice will cause the whole cloud to flash-freeze, becoming a great lake of ice crystals without any free moisture left to form into heavy snowflakes. And the problem of "How much is too much?" is just like Martinis with women. There is no rule. Every cloud, like every female, is different. Some freeze instantly. Others unaccountably melt after the same amount of chemical. For that reason the few tests which have been run by this dry-ice method have been confusing rather than helpful. Rain has fallen, but just as many times and under the same conditions, nothing has happened.

An improved device, and one which is offering much greater evidence of actual success, is silver iodide smoke. Chilling the supercooled atmosphere is only one way to force moisture from its vapor state to liquid. The other is to spread solid particles, such as dust, throughout a cloud to give the moisture something solid to grow around. These little particles are called nuclei. A good many substances have been tested on this theory: natural dust, bacteria, plant spores, and a number of chemicals, but of them all it seems that silver iodide particles possess the ideal physical characteristics to become rain nuclei. Those infinitesimal particles will bring down water when the clouds have been supercooled to only -4 degrees centigrade, while dust, for example, does not seem to function until the cloud temperature has gone to -15 degrees centigrade.

The silver iodide scheme received its acid test on July 21,

1949. On that historic date Dr. Irving Langmuir of General Electric Company set up a smoke generator near Albuquerque, New Mexico, after being assured by the Weather Bureau that there was no rain to be expected. At five-thirty in the bright and sunny morning his machine started to work, and by eight-thirty a large cloud had formed downwind from the thin pencil of smoke that was blowing into the sky. Within an hour after the cloud had formed, lightning began to flash, it thundered, and it began to rain. Dr. Langmuir calculated that his little machine, which had used less than two thirds of a pound of chemical, had brought down some 320 billion gallons of water over most of northeast New Mexico, with tailing storms into Colorado and Kansas.

That this silver iodide method is foolproof is still the subject of great debate. The ingenious Dr. Irving Krick of Denver swears by his machines to such an extent that he has, in the three years since Langmuir's famous experiment, established a solid business of producing moisture for eager farmers. On the other hand, Krick is not without his non-believers, and many a prominent student of the subject, including the august Weather Bureau, insists that his record of success has been due to judicious study of weather probabilities rather than to any specific diddling of the clouds.

But regardless of the final judgments which future scientists will pass on Krick's efforts, rainmaking—the artificial triggering of the moisture in the clouds—does appear to be well within our reach. If Krick has not actually accomplished it, someone else undoubtedly will. But the basic question remains—is mere lack of rain the stumbling block to a greater development of the West, or are there other matters to be considered?

The answer is patently simple and is being dodged only because it is not a pleasant reply. Except in isolated desert areas, where urban development cannot be expected or even hoped for under any circumstances, there is adequate water for our needs. The problem is not to increase the fall of moisture, but to increase the effectiveness of its use. According to agricultural chemists, the ideal amount of moisture for healthy crop growth under normal conditions is 29.2 inches per year. By some Di-

vine chance, the average rainfall across the face of the United States is precisely that figure: 29.2 inches per year. Thus, it would appear that adequate water exists for our needs, provided only that we learn how to husband and direct it suitably on a country-wide basis. This average figure, of course, indicates a mathematical average across the nation and must include such desiccated areas as Death Valley, where the annual fall is less than an inch, along with parts of Alabama, where a yearly fifty-five and more inches fall. However, these averages are maintained fairly evenly throughout most of the West, with the high Rocky Mountain crags capturing far more than 29.2 inches of moisture in the winter pack to make up for whatever deficiencies may lie at their desert feet. The problem, then, is simply finding the best means of delivering the snow to the plains when it melts in the spring.

It was in this final matter that the Divinity who arranged the chemistry of growth did not reckon too well with mankind. He did not imagine that man would spend the first two hundred years of his modern habitation of North America in so utterly destroying the natural forest and plant growth on the watersheds that the beautiful mechanics of soil, water, and seed would be all but destroyed, and the natural delivery systems rendered useless. In large sections of the West the proper management of water is no longer possible, except by means of man-made dam and delivery structures so expensive and elaborate as to be prohibitive. The winter moisture, which had once seeped gradually into the soil to provide a summer-long stream flow, now pounds away to the distant oceans in a single gigantic spring run-off, having no mesh of plant and tree roots to trap it. The Rio Grande basin is perhaps the best example of this suicide. Just as much snow and rain falls on the upper watershed of that sad river now as ever in history, but, except for the spring flood, there just isn't any water any more in that river.

A similar wastage of underground supplies is now also coming painfully home to rest. Deep underground water, contrary to popular opinion, was not placed in the belly of the earth in the time of creation, there to remain in such astronomical amounts that it can never be drained. Water underneath the ground

comes from falling rain and snow, flowing down into the lower gravels, there forming a vast, almost solid lake into which pumps can be inserted. However, when a community or a region pumps out this water faster than nature lets it seep in, there is bound to come an end. The plush farmers of Arizona and California have reached this sad point, and there appears to be no solution except the one they refuse to face—simply to stop debauching the rapidly drying wells. Matters are at such a state, in fact, that in some coastal California areas so much of the deep underground water has been removed that sea water has begun to push through the barriers of sand and gravel to fill the void, with the result that they are beginning to pump salt. Thus, the Natural Order of things appears to be stepping in to protect its very self.

It is that very Natural Order of things which will, in the end, defeat the rainmakers unless fundamental preliminary steps are taken to manage that particular blessing wisely. Unless proper conservation is practiced on the watersheds, the extra rainfall will cause much greater harm than good. All the rainmakers will do for us is to give us two floods where one before had been our punishment. The increased action of water on the denuded uplands will only cause them to waste away more rapidly, and the price of an extra inch of water *falling* on the fields will be an extra foot of flood waters *flowing* down the rivers and streams. The immediate benefits, of course, will be to the landowners who have not seen properly to the care of their water resources and who now need rain from the sky at all costs if they are to survive a few more years. The ultimate benefits will be to the keeper of boneyards, for a very few years of this heightened water activity on the untended upper watersheds will bring the final wreckage of entire valleys.

The answer is very simple. Increased rainfall will not solve the problem except for extremely limited periods of time. The watersheds have to be repaired ultimately through the practice of proper conservation, and they had best be repaired before this extra fall of moisture strains to the breaking point the slender holding capacities left to them.

And when the watersheds are repaired, we will find that rain-

makers are no longer necessary. The natural fall will be entirely sufficient to the needs. If statistical proof is wanted, these simple figures should suffice—in actual gallons, each year precisely fifty times as much water falls on the face of the nation as we require as a people in all of our municipal, industrial, and agricultural undertakings.

A better use of water is the question; not a better supply.

I love someone

JEAN STAFFORD

My friends have gone now, abandoning me to the particular pallor of summer twilight in the city. How long the daytime loiters, how noisily the children loiter with it! I hear their reedy voices splintering like glass in the streets as they tell their mothers no, they *won't* come in and call up to the filmed windows of the tenements on the avenue, "Marian!" or "Harold!" dropping, invariably, the final consonant. Abashed by my own indolence, I wish to scold them for theirs, to ask them sharply, as if I were their teacher, "Who on earth is Harol?" I hear their baseballs thudding against the walls of shops, hear their feet adroitly skipping rope, hear them singing songs from *South Pacific*, hear a sudden, solo scream for which there is neither overture nor finale: the moment it is formed it is finished like a soap bubble. Listening to them half against my will, I think how strong a breed they are, how esoteric a society with their shrouded totems and taboos. What is the meaning of this statement I hear, shouted in sing-song suddenly, "My mother is in the bathroom shooting dice"? Or ponder this: a day or so ago, I saw a legend on the sidewalk that haunts me; within a fat, lopsided heart were chalked the words "I LOVE SOMEONE." I thought at the time how artful this confession was that concealed the identity both of the lover and of the beloved. In an adult (in myself, say) it would have been a boast or a nervous lie, but in the child who wrote the words, it was no more than an ironic temporizing.

My impatience with the children tonight is not real; I am lorn for other reasons as I sit here in the heat and in the mauve light, confronting an empty evening, realizing too late that I should have provided myself with company and something to do. It has been a melancholy day and the events of it have enervated me: I simply sit, I simply stare at a bowl of extraordinary roses. Harriet Perrine and Nancy Lang and Mady Heminway and I went this afternoon to the funeral of our dear friend, Marigold Trask.

Famously beautiful, illustrious for her charm and her stylish wit, inspired with joy, Marigold killed herself with luminol last Thursday night, leaving bereft a husband and two young sons. The five of us had been fast friends since school days and the death has shocked us badly; in an odd way, it has also humiliated us and when we lunched today before the service (held in a non-religious "chapel" fitted out with an electric organ and bogus Queen Anne chairs) we did not speak of Marigold at all but talked as we had talked before, when she was alive and with us. We talked of plays and clothes and we plumbed the depths of the scandals that deluged the world outside our circle. We behaved, even now that it had happened, as if nothing unsightly would ever happen to any of us. But afterward, after we had seen the grey-gloved lackeys close her casket and carry her out to the hearse, we came up here to my apartment and with our drinks we did discuss at length the waste and the folly and the squalor of her suicide. There was a note of exasperation in the tone of all our voices. "If people would only wait!" cried Nancy Lang. "Everything changes in time."

"If it was Morton, she could have divorced him," said Mady. "We would have stuck by."

"I don't think it was Morton," said Harriet and we all nodded. Morton was a stick and none of us liked him, but he was not at all the sort of man who would drive a woman to *that*. To lovers, yes, and trips alone but not to *that*. Then Harriet proposed, "It could have been the Hungarian."

"Oh, but that's been over for months," said Mady. "Besides, *she* chucked *him*." Mady is an orthodox woman. Her mind is as literal as her modern house.

Nancy said, "It must have been something much deeper. If it wasn't, then it was simply beastly of her to do this to the boys."

We talked then of the effects of such catastrophes on children, and though we spoke wholly in banalities (we are not women with original minds; we "keep up" and that's the most that can be said of us) and were objective, I could not help thinking that the others felt it would have been better if, assuming that one of us had had to take the overdose of sleeping pills, it had been I. For I have never married and my death would discommode no

one. My friends would miss me, it is true: to put it bluntly, they would have no one to coddle and champion in a world unfit for solitary living. They are devoted to me, I am sure, and in their way they love me, but they are not *concerned*. They cannot be, for there is no possible way for them really to know me now; it would embarrass them, as married women, to confront the heart of a spinster which is at once impoverished and prodigal, at once unloving and lavishly soft. Therefore, out of necessity, they have invented their own image of me, and I fancy that if I tried to disabuse them of their notions, they would think I was hallucinated; in alarm they would get me to a really good doctor as quickly as possible.

Harriet, who is a tireless and faulty analyst of character, often explains in my presence that I am "one of those beings whom nothing, but nothing, can bring down to earth." Does she mean by this that I am involved in nothing? Or does she derive her ethereal vision of me from the fact that I never appear to change? My moods don't show and perhaps this gives me a blandness that, for some reason, she associates with the upper air. I never make drastic changes in my life; I seldom rearrange my furniture; I have worn the same hairdress for twenty years. Harriet lives in a state of daily surprise but surprise only for things and scenes and people that do not alter in the least. She begins her day by marveling that her egg is, in color and constituents, exactly the same as the egg of yesterday and of the day before and that tomorrow the same phenomenon will greet her happy, natural eyes. Whenever she goes into the Frick to look at her favorite pictures, she stands awed before the El Greco "St. Jerome," her hands clasped rapturously, her whole being seeming to cry out in astonishment, "Why, it's still here!"

But I am grateful that Harriet and Nancy and Mady have embedded me in a myth. This sedative conviction of theirs, that ichor runs in my veins and that mine is an operating principle of the most vestal kind, has kept me all these years (I am forty-three) from going into hysteria or morbidity or hypochondria or any other sort of beggary by which even the most circumspect spinster of means is tempted. I have no entourage of coat-carrying young men and drink is not a problem; the causes I take up

are time-honored and uncontroversial: I read aloud to crippled children but I do not embroil myself in anything remotely ideological. I know that my friends have persuaded themselves that I once had a love affair that turned out badly—upon this universal hypothesis rests perhaps as much as half the appeal of unmarried women who show no signs of discontent, and there is no tact more beatifying than that which protects a grief that is never discussed. Now and again it amuses me to wonder what their conjectures are. I dare say that when they speculate, they kill off my lover in splendor, in a war, perhaps, or in a tuberculosis sanitarium. I can all but hear them forearming their dinner guests before I arrive: "Jenny Peck has never married, you know. She had one of those really tragic things when she was very young, so totally devastating that she has never said a word about it even to her closest friends."

But the fact is that there has been nothing in my life. I have lived the whole of it in the half-world of brief flirtations (some that have lasted no longer than the time it takes to smoke a cigarette under the marquee of a theatre between the acts), of friendships that have perished of the cold or have hung on, desiccated, outliving their meaning and never once realizing the possibility of love. I have dwelt with daydreams that through the years have become less and less high-reaching, so apathetic, indeed, that now I would rather recite the names of the forty-eight states to myself than review one of those skimpy fictions. From childhood I have unfailingly taken all the detours around passion and dedication; or say it this way, I have been a pilgrim without faith, traveling in an anticipation of loss, certain that the grail will have been spirited away by the time I have reached my journey's end. If I did not see in myself this skepticism, this unconditional refusal, this—I admit it—contempt, I would find it degrading that no one has ever proposed marriage to me. I do not wish to refuse but I do not know how to accept. In my ungivingness, I am more dead now, this evening, than Marigold Trask in her suburban cemetery.

But my reflexes are still lively and my nerves are spry, and sometimes I can feel the pain through the anesthetic. Then it is, on certain mornings I will not wake, although my dreams,

abstract and horrible, pester me relentlessly and raucously. The sarcasm of my dreams! All night long my secret mind derides and crucifies me, "Touché!" All the same, I do not consciously nurse the wound. Be caught red-eyed by my friends? It would never do, for their delusion is my occupation: *cogitant, ergo sum*. Unlike Marigold, I will never unsettle these affectionate women, for whatever would I do without them? I would not know how to order my existence if they did not drop in on me after a gallery or a matinee, have me to dine when the extra man is either "interesting" or "important" (the Egyptologists I have listened to! The liberals with missions! Shall I forget until my dying day the herpetologist that Mady once produced who talked to me of cobras throughout the fish?), have me to come for long week ends in the summer, send me flowers and presents of perfume in clever bottles, lend me their husbands for lunch, treat me, in general, like someone of royal blood suspended in an incurable but unblemishing disease.

Thus it is I sit and meditate in the ambiguous light while beyond me and below me the city children vehemently play at stick-ball, postponing their supper hour just as I postpone mine. I know that I should stir. I must take the glasses and the ashtrays to the kitchen and rinse them out because my silent and fastidious maid, who comes to me by the day, would be alarmed if I departed from my custom. I must eat what she has prepared for me, I must read, must bathe, must read again, and finally turn off my light and commence my nightmares in the heat that lies like jelly on the city. But thinking of myself, of Marigold (how secretly she did it!), of the anonymous child who told the world he loved someone, I am becalmed and linger exactly where I am, unable to give myself a purpose for doing anything.

By now my friends are at home in Fairfield County. All three of them are ardent gardeners, and presently they will be mind-ing their tomato vines and weeding between their rows of corn. I imagine their cool, rose-laden drawing rooms where, later, they will join their husbands for cocktails. Is it too late for me to ring up someone and propose dinner and an air-conditioned movie? Much too late. Much too late. Idiotically, I say the

phrase aloud, compulsively repeat it several times and try to think how my lips look as I protract the word "much."

Gradually the words lose their meaning and I am speaking gibberish. *Now* what would they think of me, babbling like a cretin? I have just set my tongue against the roof of my mouth to say "late" for the dozenth time when a bumble of voices invades my open windows. The clamor, as of an angry, lowing multitude, is closer than the street sounds and I sit up, startled. Perhaps it is a party in the garden next door; but the voices are harsh and there is no laughter. The sound echoes as if a mass of people were snarling at the bottom of a pit; muted, they are nevertheless loud—and loud, the words are nevertheless indistinguishable. For a minute I remain, true to my character, remote from the tumult; but then, because there is neither pause nor change and because the sound is so close at hand, I grow ever so slightly afraid. Still, I do not move, not even to switch on a light, until suddenly, like the report of a gun, an obscenity explodes in the hot dusk. The voice that projects it is an adolescent boy's and it is high and helpless with outrage. I rise and stand quivering before my chair and then I move across the carpet and open the door to my bedroom.

As I hesitate, I once again take note of the glasses and the ash-trays. And once again, although my heart is pounding rapidly now with a fear that is gathering itself into a shape, I think, quite separately, of Marigold and I wonder if she knew when it was coming. *It!* Shocked at my circumvention, I revise: when *death* was coming. But does that improve the sentence? *It* means as much to me as *death* does—or, for that matter, *life*. I go further and I say, "I wonder if she finally knew why she wanted nothing else?" For I, you see, dwelling upon the rim of life, see everyone in the arena as acting blindly. I would know, but did Marigold? Does the bull-fighter know, until he is actually in danger, that the danger itself is his master? Not the glory, not the ladies' roses, or the pageant, or the accolades, but the flashing glimpse of the evil and the random and the unknown? Far from the stage and safe, I, who never act on impulse, know nearly precisely the outcome of my always rational behavior. It makes me a woman without hope; but since there is no hope there is also no despair.

I lean from my bedroom window and discover the source of the noises in the courtyard of this respectable apartment house: a huddle of boys stands in the service entry where the gate has not yet been locked. They are of all sizes and all shapes and colors, and I recognize them at once as a roving band of youthful hoodlums whose viciousness I have read about in the tabloids. All their faces wear the same expression of mingled rage and fascination, and all their eyes are fixed on something I cannot see. There are twenty odd of them and it is from them that comes this steady, sordid snarl. I lean out farther and at my end of the areaway I see a pair of boys fighting. The fight is far advanced, for one of them, big and black-haired, has the other down on the cement. Blood comes from his wide mouth, open in a gasp, and his hands flutter weakly against his assailant's shoulders. The engagement is silent. Stunned by its cynicism, I try to pity the loser but I cannot, for his defeat has made him hideous. Strands of his brown hair lie like scattered rags on the cement in a parody of a halo.

Now other tenants are aroused and come to their windows to look in revulsion and indignation. Above me a man shouts down, "I am going to call the police!" But the fight continues, silently and maliciously, and the boys in the gateway ignore my neighbor, who grows very angry and cries, "Get out of this court! I have a gun here!"

But still they pay no attention. At last the boy on his back closes his eyes and utters some soft sentence that is evidently his surrender, for the other, giving him one last brutish punch in the ribs, gets up, staggering a little. Now that the excitement is over, the audience instantly quits the gateway; they vanish swiftly in a body, every man jack of them, and do not even glance back. But the victor lingers like an actor on a stage as if he were expecting applause, and seeing that the boys are gone, he looks up at the windows of the apartments. Perhaps he is seeking the man who threatened him with the law; perhaps he wants to challenge *him*. But he finds, instead, myself and as he looks at me, his feral face breaks into a shameless smile. I suppose he is eighteen or nineteen, but the wickedness in his little black eyes and his scarlet mouth is as old as the hills. He wears a thin

mustache, so well groomed and theatrical that it appears to adhere to his lip with gum. He looks at me and then looks down at the other boy, who is just now getting to his feet, and then looks up at me again and shrugs his shoulders. Is he asking me to confirm the justice of his violence? Or the beauty of it? Or the passion?

The blood is driven crudely to my face and I turn from the window. It is my intention at first to lie down on my bed and, if I can, to close my inner eye to what I have just seen. But instead, as will-less as a somnambulist, I go to my door and take the elevator down and let myself out into the street where there is no longer any tumult but rather a palpable and sneaky hush. I feel watched and mind-read. With no conscious plan, I walk quickly down the street past the dull buildings with their mongrel doors and their miniscule plots of gritty privet, walking toward the avenue where I reason the boys have gone. A squad car drives slowly by and a bored policeman throws his cigarette stub from the window.

My aim is now articulate. I realize that I want to see the ruffians face to face, both the undefeated and the overthrown, to see if I can penetrate at last the mysterious energy that animates everyone in the world except myself.

But I do not reach the avenue. Half way there, I glance down at the sidewalk and I see that swollen heart with its fading proclamation, I LOVE SOMEONE. As easily it could read, beneath a skull and crossbones, I HATE SOMEONE. Now there is no need to investigate further; the answer is here in the obvious, trumpery scrawl, and I go back to my apartment and gather up the glasses and the ash-trays.

My friends and I have managed my life with the best of taste and all that is lacking at this banquet where the appointments are so elegant is something to eat.

PLAINS DRIVE

By ROLFE HUMPHRIES

Space and sweep and speed
And silence—Oh, these are
Wonderfully good,
Riding in a car
Seventy miles an hour.

Over black and brown,
By grain, by gold, by green
Only rarely here,
Where the light and air
Lift the heavy mood.

Even the great, the strong,
We have heard, go down
To the deep, dark water,
Black and very bitter.
Here no water lies,
No great mountains rise.

We must turn, we know,
Back where we belong,
Toward the little town
At the mountain's base,
Facing peak and cloud.

Turn southwestward, face
Slant of storm, and loud
Rushing mighty wind,
Only, as we go,
Keeping in the mind
Sweep and speed and space,
Light and quietude.

Bum, poddy, or penco

MARJORIE M. KIMMERLE

For the past two years three college professors¹ have been traveling around Colorado asking people what they call orphan lambs. That was only one of many questions asked, but they were all just as simple and just as silly.

Behind these foolish questions lay a serious purpose. The three professors were helping to compile data for 'a linguistic atlas of the United States and Canada, a co-operative project in linguistic geography. It is designed to show the geographic distribution of words and pronunciations in an effort to understand the history of the English language in relation to the settlement history and the cultural and economic development of America.

To get at the basic culture or the social history of a country one studies the people as they are living their everyday lives. And if one is to study the language of the people as one part of that culture or as a reflection of social history, he finds out what words the people use for very common things like objects around their homes and farms, their domestic animals, their crops, their food, their land, their clothes, their illnesses, their social activities, etc.—names for all the common objects, activities, and other concerns of their everyday lives. These are the items in the common speech of the people that serve as an index to the basic culture of a country. They are often not the standard words found in dictionaries, but the words that are nevertheless used by the people, words that tend to preserve, often more sensitively than the standard words, the impress of the social history of the country.

It is this common everyday language that is being recorded for the Linguistic Atlas of the United States and Canada. Trained workers are traveling around the country, asking a few representative natives in carefully selected communities a limited number of questions. Each question, like the one about orphan lambs, seems trivial and of little significance either to the study

of language itself or to the field of social history or culture. But each word or each response may be one small index to something significant, and eventually the sum of all these items may help to reveal movements of migration, the development of natural resources, the growth of trade and industry, the effect of topography and type of soil on occupations or activities, the influence of non-English-speaking people, and so on.

As an example of how the trivial item may become part of a significant social history, the names for the orphan lamb in Colorado seem particularly fitting, for the subject of orphan lambs itself can be either trivial or important. On the one hand, the little lamb that has lost its mother may become the object of our sympathy and affection. The orphan lamb is then simply a sentimental subject that seems far removed from anything significant to social history. But on the other hand, to those engaged in the sheep-raising business, the orphan lamb is the poor one of the flock, with little or no market value; it is an economic loss in one of the essential industries of Colorado. If orphan lambs themselves are important to the economy of the state, then perhaps the names for the orphan lambs will also be of some significance.

Only conjectures can be made at this time about the names for the orphan lamb in Colorado. It is far too early to interpret definitively any of the collected material. Only after all the items of the Linguistic Atlas are collected through the country and are compiled, compared, and studied in connection with the social history of our country, can any reliable conclusions be drawn. But in the meantime it is tempting to ask what the final possibilities for one such item as names for orphan lambs might be.

The terms found in Colorado were "bum" or "bummer," "poddy," and "penco" (pronounced *pinco* by the non-Spanish). The three professors, each traveling separately to different parts of the state, discovered these words by interviewing two, occasionally three, natives in each community selected. In so far as possible, the natives selected were to represent the typical inhabitants of the community. One informant was to be one of the oldest natives, the other a somewhat younger person. The

investigators asked about 550 questions, among which was the one about the orphan lamb. They did not ask the question directly, but formulated it somewhat like this: "What do you call a lamb that has lost its mother or has been deserted by her? You know, the lamb that has to be brought up by hand and often becomes a family pet?" As might be expected, in the cities and in the mining towns there were no responses at all. In some of the rural communities, even in the sheep-raising areas, there were likewise no responses, probably because the natives chosen had had no contact with the sheep industry but possibly because the natives chosen, if they were in any way connected with the cattle industry, still had a bitter memory of the sheep and cattle wars and had no desire to even mention anything concerning sheep. On the other hand, there were enough responses from the people throughout the state to warrant keeping the item as one that was common to the people at large, not only to the men in the sheep-raising industry. It has been a principle of the Linguistic Atlas throughout the country to exclude items belonging strictly to one trade and not familiar to the layman. With orphan lambs the principle was adhered to, for none of the natives interviewed were sheepherders.

After the responses throughout the state had been recorded, they were placed on a map to show where the terms had been found. "Penco" was found across the southern part of the state, "bum" or "bummer" across the northern part of the state. Very few instances of "poddy" were found, one in northeastern Colorado, two in western Colorado near the Utah border. What relation might this geographic distribution have to other facts?

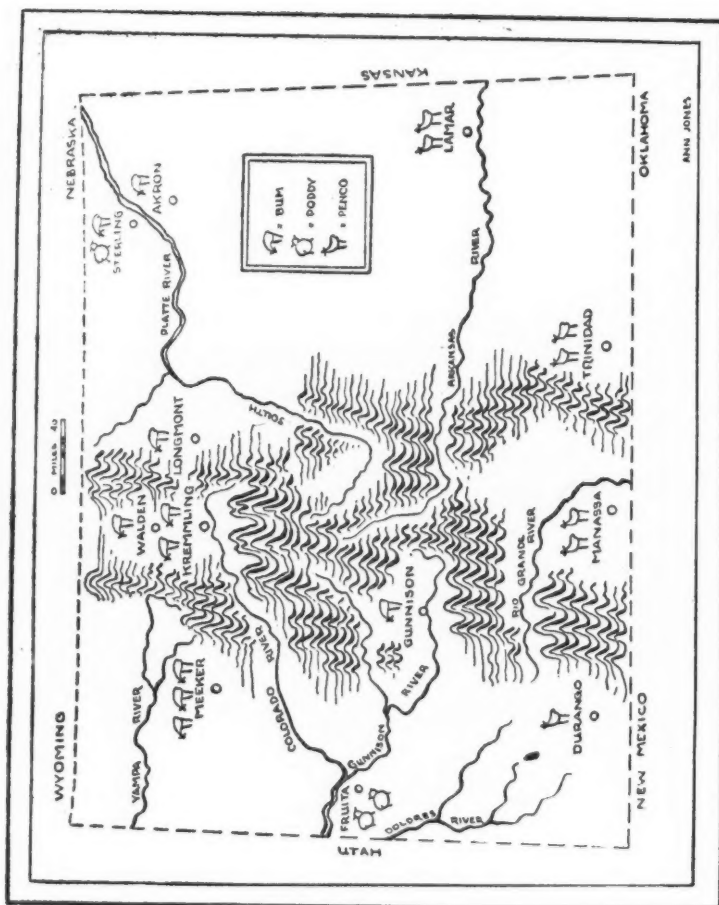
"Penco" is a Spanish word that has had many dialect variations in meaning. Its basic and standard meaning is the fleshy leaf of a plant like maguey or agave, especially the fleshy joint of the stem of a succulent plant with a prickly tip, like a cactus. A secondary meaning is a whip for punishing convicts, possibly because the whip was made from a tough and prickly leaf. As examples of some of the dialect variations in meaning, in Venezuela "penco" means the trunk of an animal's tail; in Portugal, a large nose; in Puerto Rico, the base of the heavy palm leaf; in Colombia, a cactus leaf; in Honduras and Argentina, a gawky

fellow, a rustic, a boor; in Mexico and usually in the United States, a bony nag, a jade. Usually in New Mexico "penco" means any motherless animal.² But in Chilili, in the Rio Grande Valley near Albuquerque,³ and in southern Colorado, it is applied to an orphan lamb. It is difficult to see the connection between these meanings, but perhaps behind them is the notion of the rough, knobby quality of a protuberance. It may be the boniness, the gawkiness, and the poor quality of the old nag, together with the pathetic quality of not being wanted and of being an outcast, that is transferred to the poor little scrawny orphan lamb. The meaning given by the non-Spanish people interviewed was usually the lamb that had been deserted by its mother, the runt, the poor one of the flock. But among the Spanish families in Manassa in the southern part of the San Luis Valley, the word was a term of endearment used for the little lamb that had become the family pet. In that community a typical scene was the older members of a family sitting out on the front porch, the children playing near by with the little penco, an integral part of the family group. As one informant put it, speaking affectionately, "Every Spanish family has its little penco."

That the word "penco" should be found with the meaning of orphan lamb in the Rio Grande Valley of New Mexico and then in southern Colorado is not surprising, since the route of the early sheep trails was up from Mexico and Texas through New Mexico into Colorado. As early as 1821 sheep were trailed by Spanish sheepherders up the Rio Grande Valley to the Colorado mountains for summer pasture.⁴ These first sheep were from the breed brought by the Spanish to Mexico in the sixteenth century. During the middle of the nineteenth century, more and more flocks were trailed into what is now Colorado all along the southern part of the state. Some of the larger flocks continued to be trailed up the Rio Grande Valley into the San Luis Valley and then across Mosca and La Veta passes to the southeastern plains in the Arkansas River Valley. Other flocks were driven up from New Mexico across Raton Pass also into the southeastern plains, where the buffalo grass provided good pasturage. After the discovery of gold in 1858 near Denver, large flocks were trailed to

the mining camps to provide meat for the miners. In other words, all the earliest sheep in Colorado came from New Mexico or farther south, and all the earliest sheepherders were Mexicans or Spanish-Americans. And even though the sheep imported later were from the East, the Mexicans still continued to be the sheepherders. It is not surprising, then, to find the Spanish loan-word "penco" in those areas where the Mexicans first introduced sheep into Colorado, especially since it is in that area of the state that the greatest numbers of Spanish-Americans have remained. Furthermore, the area in which we find "penco" is also the area in which we find other Spanish loan-words like *arroyo*. Considering the number of Spanish-Americans in Colorado, there are remarkably few Spanish loan-words. That a name for an orphan lamb should be one of them is indicative of the fact that sheep-raising, an essential industry in the state, has always been largely in the hands of the Spanish-Americans.

In the northern part of Colorado where the Spanish language has never had much more influence than in other non-Spanish parts of the United States, the word for orphan lamb is "bum" or "bummer," the terms that have become part of the standard jargon of the sheep industry throughout the country.⁵ It is undoubtedly a relatively recent word used in this sense and has probably come into use with the development of the sheep industry as a big business. In Colorado such development came after 1870, when the Kansas Pacific railroad was opened from Kansas to Denver. The coming of the railroad meant the opening of the sheep market to the East. But it also marked the importing of a new breed from the East to improve the flocks that had been slowly degenerating, that is, the flocks originating in Mexico, Texas, and New Mexico. The new sheep were merinos from the Atlantic Coast and from Illinois and Ohio. With the improving of the flocks and the opening of the market to the East, sheep-raising developed rapidly. But it was not until 1905, when National Forests were established and Wyoming and Utah sheepmen were given grazing permits in the Colorado mountains, that the most important sheep area in northwestern Colorado was opened up for sheep-raising on a large scale. It was probably only when sheep-raising became a big business that the



word "bum" or "bummer" came into use. It is now recognized as part of the jargon of the big operators in the sheep-raising industry elsewhere as well as in Colorado.

The geographic distribution of the term "bum" and the approximate time of its first use in the sheep industry may possibly be determined more accurately later when the Linguistic Atlas work is completed in the surrounding sheep-raising states. In the meanwhile one other geographic distribution of terms for orphan lambs is known and may have some bearing on the use of the word "bum." In New England, only the terms "cosset" and "cade" were found,⁶ terms completely absent in Colorado. The New England words were terms of affection used about the little lamb that had become the pet of the family. In New England the flocks of sheep were relatively small and were kept near the farm, so that it would be quite natural for the orphan lamb to be taken care of by the family on the farm. But in Colorado, as in other western sheep-raising states, except for a few small-ranch flocks, the herds are large, averaging at least eight hundred and usually, especially during summer grazing, about two thousand (a thousand ewes, a thousand lambs). And because of the vegetation, the topography, and the climate, the flocks are seldom near the ranch house but are trailed sometimes for long distances. The vegetation is not sufficient for year-round grazing at any one place, so that the flocks must be moved to better pasturage, which may be far up in the mountains.

The tremendous differences in altitude are usually accompanied by tremendous differences in temperature, so that the flocks must be moved often, to accord with the varying climatic conditions. In the summer the flocks are driven up to the high mountain pastures, in the fall down to the valleys and foothills, in the winter still farther down to the lower plateaus, and in the spring back to the valleys and foothills. Except in the San Luis Valley, where conditions are favorable for "shed" lambing and the keeping of the flocks near the base ranch, most of the lambing in Colorado takes place out on the range, a considerable distance from the ranch house. Under these circumstances, the orphan lamb does not become a family pet, but is forced to become a tramp, bumming its way as best it can. It is by no means sur-

prising that, out on the range "cosset" and "cade," the old terms of endearment for the pet lamb fondled by the family, should be supplanted by a term that has no such homely connotations.

It is interesting to note that the meaning of pet lamb was found with the word "penco," but only in the southern part of the San Luis Valley. This valley, unlike the other parts of the state, is sufficiently protected by the surrounding mountains and has a sufficiently mild climate to allow the keeping of the flocks near the home ranch. Such conditions are favorable to the meaning of pet lamb for "penco," but elsewhere "penco" has the same meaning as "bum."

"Bummer" is the older word; "bum" is a later shortening. Its origin is obscure, but it is thought that it may be connected with the German *Bummler* (idler, loafer, lounge). "Bummer" was first used to mean tramp, loafer, sponger, or sometimes more specifically a political hanger-on or dependent. The word also came to be used as a verb, "to bum," to loaf or wander around as a tramp or to obtain (food, money, a ride, etc.) by surreptitious means or by begging. There is also the phrase "on the bum," loafing or going about as a tramp. When "bummer" or "bum" is used to designate orphan lambs, there is a simple transfer of meaning from people to a particular animal. It is an understandable transfer inasmuch as the orphan lamb in a large flock of sheep tries to get its food from some ewe that it can catch off guard. Sometimes the shepherd helps the orphan lamb by tying on it the skin of a dead lamb in hopes that the dead lamb's mother will be fooled by the smell and accept the orphan as her own. But at other times the orphan lamb shifts for itself and makes the rounds of the flock, filching milk from whatever ewe it can fool. It is forced to become a bum.

The word "poddy," on the other hand, has somewhat different connotations and, like "penco" with its meaning of pet lamb, suggests not the large flock out on the range but the smaller flock near the ranch. A poddy is the orphan lamb brought up on a bottle. It is fed skim milk until its belly gets puffed up like a pod. The people who used the word explained that poddies were the potbellied lambs brought up by hand.

"Poddy" may have been formed recently in the United States

by adding the diminutive suffix "y" to the dialect noun "pod." But in England by 1844 there was already a dialect adjective "poddy" which meant potbellied, obese, corpulent, used to describe people. In Australia this adjective was used to describe animals: "poddy calf," "poddy foal."⁷ In Australia "poddy" comes to be used also as a noun meaning a calf or a lamb just taken from its mother. Inasmuch as Australia became the largest sheep-raising country in the world, it is reasonable to suppose that "poddy" came to be used of lambs more frequently than of calves, just as "dogie," which can be any orphan animal, comes to be used only of calves in the cattle country of the West.

Up to the present time, all reported instances of the word "poddy" have come from Australia. Is there any connection between the development of the sheep trade in Colorado and the sheep industry of Australia? The United States Department of Agriculture reports that in 1910, a time when the sheep industry was developing in Colorado on a large scale, Australia was the country having the largest number of sheep in the world (Australia 87,652,000; Argentina 67,212,000; the United States 56,315,000). By 1910 there were only 116 Australians in Colorado, and census figures show that very few of these Australians were in the parts of the state where most of the sheep-raising was being done. But an Australian word may have come into Colorado by way of Utah or Wyoming, for by 1910 Wyoming and Utah sheepherders were trailing sheep to the Colorado mountains for summer grazing, and Colorado sheepherders were trailing sheep to Utah and Wyoming for winter grazing. But even in these states the Australians were few: 201 in Utah, 17 in Wyoming. Census figures, however, may tell us very little of the possible influence of the Australian sheep industry in Colorado, for during a considerable period before 1914, many Australian sheepherders came to the United States as migrant labor for the seasonal work of sheepshearing. They would start in the more southern states, work north into Wyoming and Canada, and then back to Australia.⁸ But whether or not Australians themselves introduced the word "poddy" in Colorado, it is at least reasonable to suppose that at a time when sheep-raising in Colorado was developing rapidly, there might be an influence from Aus-

tralia, the largest sheep-producing country of the world. At all times an important industry in one country may have considerable influence on that same industry in another country, even without direct contact with it.

The word "poddy" might possibly have come independently and directly from England, but inasmuch as all written records of the word outside of England have been from Australia and inasmuch as Australian shepherders were, during one period, migrant workers in the sheep-raising areas of the United States, it is more likely that the word traveled first by way of Australia. If this is so, the word "poddy" may bear the impress of the intercommunication between the sheep industries of Australia and the United States.

It must be remembered that what has been said about the names for the orphan lamb in Colorado is largely conjecture, but it may serve to indicate how each small item may eventually show the close relation between language and the social history of our country. The names for an orphan lamb can suggest the growth of an important industry, the impact of an essential industry of one country on the same industry in another, the influence of a foreign language group on the industry in which it held precedence, and the direction and extent of the migration of certain groups of people. One trivial item can show how the course of language is often determined by the surrounding natural and social conditions. A study of many such trivial items, the dialect words in the United States and Canada, will eventually show the history of the English language in America in accordance with the social history of the country.

Perhaps the three professors were not asking such a silly question when they found out whether the people in Colorado said "bum," "poddy," or "penco."

FOOTNOTES

¹Etholine Aycock, Colorado A & M; Allan F. Hubbell, University of Denver; Marjorie M. Kimmerle, University of Colorado. Their work has been financed by their respective colleges.

²F. M. Kercheville, "A Preliminary Glossary of New Mexican Spanish," *University of New Mexico Bulletin*, Vol. 5, No. 3, p. 25.



³George McSpadden, "Some Semantic and Philological Facts of the Spanish Spoken in Chilili, New Mexico," *University of New Mexico Bulletin*, Vol. 5, No. 3, p. 92.

⁴All facts about the sheep-raising industry in Colorado are from Fred George Alberts, *The Colorado Sheep Industry: A Geographic Analysis*, unpublished Master's thesis, University of Colorado, 1949.

⁵Charles Lindsay, "The Idiom of the Sheep Range," *American Speech*, June, 1931, pp. 357-58. Cf. Edward Norris Wentworth, *America's Sheep Trails*, Ames, Iowa, 1948, p. 412.

⁶See Hans Kurath, *The Linguistic Atlas of New England*, Providence, Rhode Island, 1939.

⁷A letter from the G. & C. Merriam Company supplied the information concerning the Australian "poddy."

⁸Charles Wayland Towne and Edward Norris Wentworth, *Shepherd's Empire*, Norman, Oklahoma, 1945, pp. 298-99.

Education for medicine: a bird's-eye view

WARD DARLEY, M. D.

The scientific and technical developments and the socio-economic changes of the past fifty years have had very important impacts upon medicine; and these, along with developments and changes within medicine itself, have resulted in the emergence of an activity that has become a very effective and important function of society. Also over the last half century, medicine's effectiveness, in its own right, has contributed much to scientific and technical progress and has exerted a profound influence upon this country's socio-economic structure. In the years ahead it can be anticipated that the interplay between these same forces will continue to contribute to medicine's effectiveness, and in turn that the influence of medicine upon society will continue to mount.

If the above statements are true—they can be documented easily—the importance of the system that is responsible for the education of the nation's physicians becomes immediately apparent.

Much of what has been happening in and to medicine stems from the influence of the American university. Prior to 1900 most of the nation's physicians were trained in low-standard proprietary schools. Between the years of 1910 and 1920 most of these schools disappeared, and their place was taken by university-controlled colleges of medicine. This meant that libraries, hospitals, and laboratories, together with qualified teachers and scientists, were brought together within the academic framework and co-ordinated into the educational and research programs that have developed clinical, or applied, medicine to its present level of effectiveness. Thus, both the primary importance and the responsibility of academic and research medicine to medical practice were established.

Maintaining the primacy of academic and research medicine

has not been and will not be easy for our universities. The rapid scientific and technical development of medicine has been forcing medical educators to be concerned constantly with the question of revising the subject material of their basic and applied courses. The result has been a steady increase in both the total course content and in the length of the curriculum. The time has come when these two expedients can no longer adequately meet the situation. This is so because in addition to the problem of putting an ever increasing quantity of information into the curriculum within a certain length of time, it is now realized that more attention should be given to the significance of the interplay that is developing between medicine and our socio-economic structure.

Medical progress was stymied in the early nineteen-hundreds until the physical and biological sciences were brought into the picture. Similarly, in the midnineteen-hundreds, medical progress, while it will by no means be stymied, at least will be enhanced if the basic training can include the pertinent knowledge, concepts, and applications that are coming out of the behavioral and social sciences. And if scientific and socio-economic medicine are to join hands effectively, it will be essential that the union be recognized in the laboratory and clinical situation as well as in the lecture room. This will mean that the seeking and imparting of medical knowledge, as broadened by the above implications, can no longer be considered as an activity which can properly be confined within the brick walls of an institution. In other words, if medicine has become, and is to be further developed as, a function of society, society itself must be used as a classroom, laboratory, and clinic.

The main purpose of this paper is to give the non-professional reader an appreciation of what is becoming involved in undergraduate medical education. This will require some consideration of curricular content, organization, and methods; of philosophical and practical aims; of certain complications and problems; and of challenges and horizons. "Undergraduate" is the term applied to the usual four years of medical school which lead to the M.D. degree—the basic training of every physician. The discussion thus far is pertinent to this purpose because it

outlines the background which points up the development and complicated nature of the common situation for which and in which every physician must be prepared.

Since the undergraduate period is but one of four involved in the complete education of a physician, an understanding of the relationship of this period to the others is of importance. A consideration of the differences in the selection and combination of subject matter or content will clarify this understanding very readily. This consideration is reduced to graphic form in Figure I.

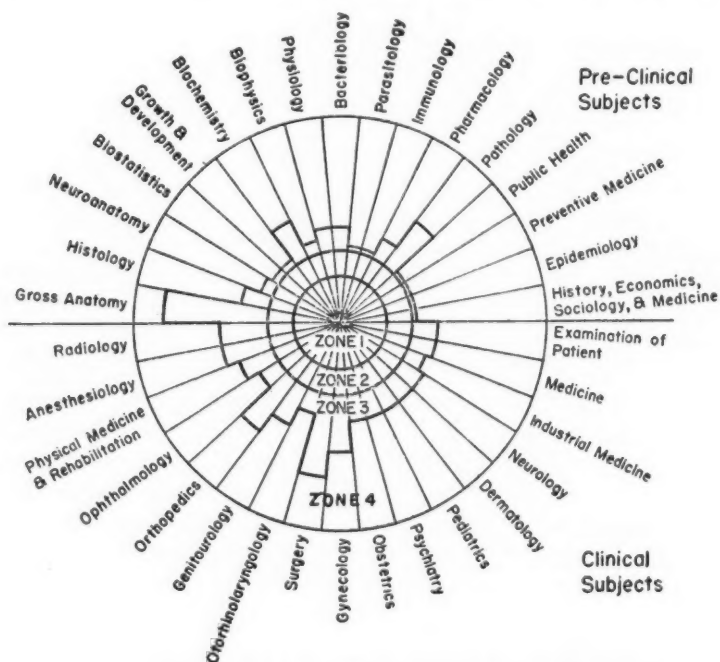


FIGURE I—CONTENT OF THE MEDICAL CURRICULUM
Various Subject Areas (Content) of Importance to the Field of Medicine. The Four Zones Show Relative Manner in Which the Sum Total of Medical Knowledge is Adjusted to the Four Levels of the Educational Effort.

Zone 1: Undergraduate Education

Zone 2: Intern Training

Zone 3: Graduate Education (Residency or Specialty Training)

Zone 4: Postgraduate Education (Continuation Education)

The segments of the circle represent the thirty-four educational areas that are usually considered pertinent to the field of medical education. (The figure makes no reference to pre-professional education.) The upper hemisphere or half-circle groups the basic science areas, and the lower hemisphere, the applied or clinical areas. The four zones of the circle that are outlined from within outward convey the idea of the gradual extension and shifting of subject material as the student progresses from the undergraduate experience through the intern and graduate years to his readiness for practice, and with practice his unsupervised years of postgraduate or continuation study. Since the sum total of medical knowledge is and will be expanding rapidly, it must be borne in mind that the boundaries of these four zones will be shifting constantly.

As pointed out above, the undergraduate period (Zone 1) is basic to the other three and is therefore an experience that must be common to all physicians regardless of their eventual field of professional activity. Since the amount of factual information from each of the thirty-four subject areas can in no instance be but a fraction of the whole, the problem of selection of curricular content from the total range of possibility becomes no small problem.

The intern year (Zone 2) is one of supervised practice, originally aimed at crystalizing the undergraduate experience into final qualification for the responsibility of practice. Over the past few years the growth of knowledge and the consequent demands of effective practice have established the custom of specialization and the setting up of separate programs for the training of its practitioners. As a consequence, the intern is caught between the senior medical student, on the one hand, and the first-year graduate student on the other, so that the significance of this year is undergoing considerable change. In Figure I, the intern year is shown by a zone that is comparatively narrow. This is because it is relatively unimportant from the standpoint of new content; it is quite important, however, from the standpoint of review, orientation, correlation, and experience in application.

The profile of graduate training (Zone 3) will vary according

to the specialty for which the student is being prepared. (Graduate training is often called residency training. Graduate students are also called residents.) There are more than twenty medical and surgical specialties, so that the constellations of subject material will be different for each. The profile given in Figure I represents the content involved in the training of a general surgeon.

Postgraduate or continuing education is represented by Zone 4. This zone is wide, to indicate the fact that research is pushing back the frontiers of ignorance so fast that no one individual can possibly keep completely abreast of the total progress that is being made. There will always be a gap between what is known and what is done. The narrowness of the gap will be a true reflection of the effectiveness of the over-all educational effort, most immediately that at the postgraduate level.

Now to return to more of the detail of undergraduate education. The curricular structure is peculiarly complex. Figure II represents an effort to diagram its framework.

The multi-segmented circle in the upper segment (labeled "Content") is taken from Figure I and represents the subject matter that is involved. It is important that the educational resources include frames of reference, that is, service or practical situations (lower segment), in which the student can participate and in which he can take responsibility for the evaluation and management of various types of problems. The diagram is intended to convey the idea that methods of teaching and learning (the two middle segments) must bridge the gap between knowledge (upper segment) and its application (lower segment). In other words, the educational plan involves the development of a process that will take a considerable quantity of carefully selected information from more than thirty well-defined areas (lines A, B, C, D, E, etc.) and put it together in such a way (line F) that medicine will be seen as an integrated and unified body of knowledge: as a carefully constructed building—not as unrelated piles of bricks and boards.

Along the right-hand side of the figure appear word outlines that amplify each of the four segments. These outlines are arranged so that the subjects, teaching methods, learning methods,

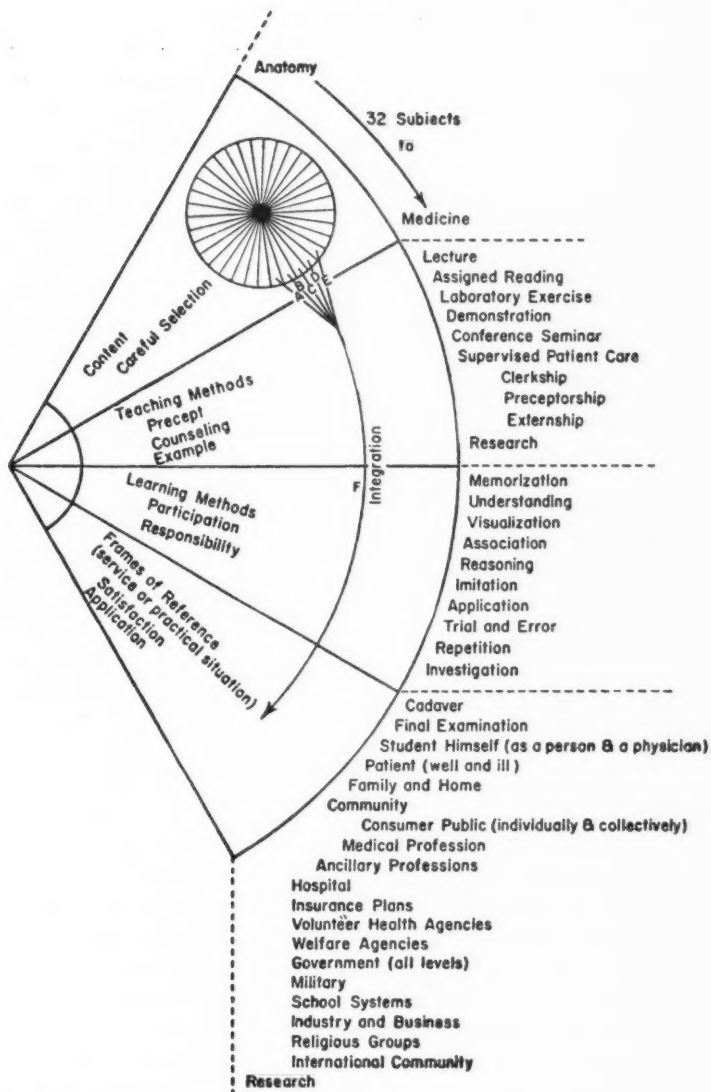


FIGURE II—FRAMEWORK OF THE UNDERGRADUATE MEDICAL CURRICULUM

and frames of reference are listed in the order in which they are usually encountered or used by the students as they progress through school and also in an order that is consistent with the student's stage of progress in school. The four segments, if they were hinged so that from top to bottom they would range in order from "content" to "frames of reference," could be slid across each other so as to bring any subject, teaching method, learning method, or frame of reference to a position where each would be opposite the other three. Thus, with the segments properly slid across each other, a pin could be pushed through the words "anatomy," "laboratory exercise," "visualization," and "cadaver" in order to illustrate the co-ordination of content, teaching method, learning method, and frame of reference usual to the first quarter of the freshman year. Or the same procedure, puncturing the words "medicine," "clerkship," "application," and "sick human being," would illustrate the same for the last quarter of the senior year.

The foregoing treatment of curricular content, mechanics, and resources, while admittedly streamlined, will provide the background necessary to a consideration of some of the less tangible but very important aspects of medical education. Curricular content, mechanics, and resources are but a means to an end. Standing alone, they do not constitute an educational plan, at least not one that is adequate to the practice of a profession. The education of a professional man implies the inculcation and development of ethical and intellectual qualities that compel him to function far above any minimal standards that may be demanded by society. In effect, society accords the professional man the privilege of setting and enforcing his own standards. In the acceptance of this privilege, the professional person assumes great responsibility. It is the development of the student for this responsibility that must be one of the great concerns of our medical schools. In the discussion to follow, these aspects of medical education will be the center of consideration.

While scientific facts and technical gadgets play an important role in medicine's effectiveness, it still takes a human being to apply the fact and use the gadget in the solution of another human being's problem. No two human beings are alike or

respond alike to the same situation. A piece of scientific information or a technical procedure, therefore, represents the only fixed quantity in an equation in which the human patient and the human physician are both variable considerations. In the last analysis the ultimate situation in medical care is one in which two human beings are working together upon the basis of a close interpersonal relationship. This relationship is the atmosphere in which scientific and technical knowledge is applied. The development, control, and constructive use of this relationship by the physician is known as the *art* of medicine.

While definite skills and tools, applicable to the field of interpersonal relationships, are coming to be recognized and taught as such, it must be realized that in the practice of the art of medicine, the physician's own personality and his emotional and spiritual make-up will always be of great importance. The rapid scientific development of the past years has so taken the limelight that medical educators have tended to lose sight of the importance of providing the students with an experience in the art of medicine. They have been preoccupied with the diseases of people and the treatment of these diseases and have neglected people with disease and the treatment of these people.

The correction of this imbalance points up the importance of the teaching and learning methods and the service situation previously outlined. Only the barest rudiments of the art of medicine can be taught from the rostrum or learned from books. It is best learned by a combination of seeing, hearing, and feeling it practiced, and by the trial-and-error method involved in its application. Thus the counsel, precept, and example of the teacher and the responsibility of the student for the welfare of his patient take on great significance.

There is something unique about the teaching-learning situation in medicine that must not be forgotten. The usual teacher-learning situation is one that involves but two individuals, the teacher and the student. The situation in medicine involves three personalities: the teacher, the medical student, and, in between these two, the patient. Furthermore, it is very important to remember that this patient, unlike the teacher and the

student, is a person usually in distress and therefore likely to be fearful, unstable, and unreasonable. He is anxiously seeking help and, almost by instinct, seeks, even creates, a situation in which he becomes very dependent upon his physician. The physician, while for a time he may accept the responsibility implied in this relationship, must eventually motivate the patient back to a position of self-confidence and independence. Toward whom does the patient look for this support and leadership: to the teacher, or to the student? If both the student and the patient are to benefit from this three-way situation, the student, in the eyes of the patient, must be accepted as a member of the team and must be accorded the same confidence and respect as that due the teacher. Considerable skill is required on the part of the teacher and thoughtful effort on the part of the student if this double-barreled rapport is to be maintained at an effective level.

The foregoing remarks stress the tenacity with which medicine and *a priori* medical education must focus concern upon the individual patient. And in doing this, it must be realized that this individual does not live in a vacuum. He is part of and must fit into a complex environment which constantly presents influences and situations to which he must make adjustments. These influences, situations, and adjustments are often implicated in illness, so that it is the environment to which the physician must frequently look for factors in illness that can either be removed or modified, or to which the patient can be better adjusted. Just as the physician's personality and intellectual resources are offered for the support and motivation of the patient, so can environmental or community resources be turned to the same end. As far as the physician is concerned, this demands considerable knowledge and understanding of the structure, organization, and function of the community of which both the patient and the physician are integral parts.

What all of this means is that while a satisfactory physician-patient relationship is essential to the application of medical knowledge, a satisfactory physician-community relationship is also of importance. And furthermore, it means that the working

definition of medical knowledge must be broadened to include social as well as scientific information.

The formal introduction of these concepts into medical education is something relatively new, and as a result, there is no commonly accepted pattern for their inclusion in the curriculum. The particular areas involved are anthropology, sociology, economics, and psychology. These subjects are gradually becoming more and more a part of pre-professional education. The information and concepts directly applicable to medicine are being included in such courses as Growth and Development, Biostatistics, Public Health, Preventive Medicine, or courses labeled as such. Many of the clinical subject areas of the curriculum are being broadened to include pertinent material. Any didactic consideration of these subjects, however, will be of little avail unless they are brought together in the frames of reference where the student can have the opportunity to appreciate their application. In other words, this phase of the student's education must be developed in the actual service situation, where practice and correlation are possible under proper direction and counsel.

This broadening of interest to include a working knowledge of the individual patient's environment is important, not only from the standpoint of better diagnostic and therapeutic medicine, but also from the standpoint of a more effective type of preventive medicine.

While it is true that prevention has already played a major role in medicine's impact upon society, that which has been accomplished is but a beginning as far as actual potential is concerned. The success thus far has largely involved the diseases of single etiology (e.g., smallpox, typhoid fever, syphilis) through the application of specific measures to communities (e.g., sanitation) and/or to individuals (e.g., vaccination). Both scientific and social forces have been involved, and now these same forces are beginning to mobilize for an attack upon the diseases of multiple etiology (e.g., disease due to malignant and degenerative processes, illness due to chronic anxiety and tension). Although specific approaches to the prevention of these conditions are being developed, the most important principles that will underlie the attack involve a broadening of the concepts of pre-

ventive medicine: namely, extension from the mere prevention of disease to interest and activity in the promotion and maintenance of health.

Health is more than the absence of disease. It is defined by the World Health Organization as "a state of complete physical, mental, and social well-being." Like disease, health has its causes and is subject to evaluation and management. Also like disease, the causes of health and therefore the factors important to its evaluation and management are often to be found in the individual's personal and community environment. But health, unlike disease, is relative and can therefore be thought of as perfect, fair, and poor. Finally, in between the extremes of manifest disease on the one hand and good health upon the other, preventive medicine must finally concern itself with the recognition and control of non-manifest or asymptomatic disease. Those communities that have sponsored tuberculosis case-finding surveys are aware of one way in which this phase of preventive medicine is being approached.

If all of these concepts are to be added to medicine's armamentaria, the basic philosophy of the continuing care of health will gradually replace that of the episodic care of illness; and as a consequence in the education of the physician, emphasis will shift away from the patient on his back to the individual on his feet, and from the patient in the hospital to the individual in his home and community.

Such are the broadening challenges facing medicine and our institutions that are responsible for the training of its practitioners. These challenges cannot be fully met unless the teaching activity can be extended beyond the physical limits of the institution into the community—into the places where people work and live—where people stay well and get sick.

The content essential to this type of teaching cannot be taught as an isolated course or discipline. It must be integrated throughout the curriculum and focused through learning and teaching methods into frames of reference such as have been listed in Figure II. If these concepts of health management and preventive medicine are to "take," the same principles of student re-

sponsibility and teacher counsel must pertain that have been applied in laboratory, clinic, and hospital ward teaching. The medical schools of this country are just beginning to broaden their programs in line with these philosophies and principles. It is submitted that the universities are the only agencies in this country that can co-ordinate—not necessarily own, operate, or control—all of the resources essential to such a broad educational program. They cannot all do it at once, nor would it necessarily be best if they could. Much remains to be learned about objectives, methods, and use of resources. The changes in both service and training should be evolutionary rather than revolutionary.

Throughout this paper an attempt has been made to emphasize the constantly widening horizons of medicine upon the one hand and the sharp limits of content and time that are fencing in the basic education for its practice upon the other. The situation will never be a stable one, and as a consequence, medical educators will always be engaged in a running fight in order to maintain a reasonable balance between educational aims and curricular content, structure, and function. Many of the educational aims for the undergraduate level have already been implied in this discussion. To recapitulate briefly: The fundamental aims must be to offer all students an experience that will help them develop the knowledge and concepts and the habits and attitudes of work and thought that must be common to all physicians if they are to grow and fit into the complicated mosaic that will cover tomorrow's needs for service and leadership. If the curriculum is to avoid over-cramming of content and, at the same time, is to function so that this statement of aims can be kept somewhere within reach, those responsible for the education of physicians must anticipate changing needs and patterns of service and shift their aims and programs accordingly. Thus, the curriculum can never be considered as a fixed and permanent framework that need not bend or give, or as a solid body through which new knowledge, concepts, and philosophies cannot freely flow.

It is recognized that most of the thinking presented in this paper has been expressed in idealistic terms. But it is also recognized that the ideal is never attainable, particularly in a situation

in which the discovery of new knowledge and the development of new concepts are rapidly taking place. It is in striving for the ideal, however, that the student is motivated to surpass his teachers and thus to provide the continuity essential to progress.

(Continued from page 4)

The Catherine Wheel, Harcourt, Brace, 1952.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES, teacher of classics, translator, poet, is well known. Mr. Humphries has taught at the Writers Conference several summers and in Colorado State College of Education at Greeley. "Plains Drive" was written in Colorado about Colorado. Mr. Humphries recently published a translation of *The Aeneid*, Scribner's, 1951.

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